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THE ANGLER'S SONG.

Where the bulrush bows and bobs—
Bob, bob,
By the spongy osier bed;
Where the rushes are brown red;
Where the willows bend and weep;
Where the fan-carps snort and sleep;
Where the otters rob;

Patient waiting for the float—
For the float,
All vermillion, round, and swimming
Where the deepest tide is brimming;
Where the dragon-fly is skimming;
Where the water-lily's swimming
Round my flopping boat.

There I watched the bobbing float—
Bobbing float;
Where the sallow fawn is drinking;
Where the swallow sets me thinking;
Where the water's clear and blue
So the gravel shineth through,
Round my shallow boat.

Where the rushes move and stir;
Where the pigeon's in the fir;
Where its brooding mother song
Murmurs love the whole day long,
All above the branching oaks,
'Neath which the water-lily soaks—
I bob, bob, bob—
Bob, bob, BOB,
Like job, not caring for jokes.

Where my red float down the stream
Poises o'er the ponderous beam:
Where the perches' thorny fin
Pricks the sullen otter's skin,
And the bars upon their back
Show like zebras, gold and black;
Where above the bosoming dell
Stands the buck, to snort and "bell"—
I bob, bob, bob,
Bob, bob, BOB,
Passing my time so happy and well.

A PLEA FOR AMUSEMENTS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY WATTIE RUSHER.

Dr. Eddy, in his work entitled "Addresses to Youth," thus comments on the value of health:—

"Upon this, much of the value and pleasure of life depends. Neglect this, and you impair reason, relax energy, and early destroy life itself. When God has extended the number of our years to three score and ten, the millions who are swept so early to eternity will present a fearful army of self-destroyers at the judgment day. Here it becomes our duty to suppress inordinate desire, and quench the fire of youthful passions; to avoid excessive and exhausting labors, beyond what usefulness and duty demand; to guard against habits of living that impair native energies, cloud the mind, and vitiate moral sensibility."

Now, I opine, the remarks of this celebrated clergyman are not only applicable to youth, those to whom he was more especially directing his remarks, but to those of larger growth, of all conditions and societies of mankind; to all those who live in this progressive age, in which the talents of men are measured, not with the scrutiny of a common observer, nor with the cynical eye of a captious pretending critic, but by the appearance of the real value, to enhance the condittion of their brethren around them. That man is an animal, perhaps no one of my readers would be so foolish as to deny. All construction or organization is followed by expansion, concentration, and by special or anatomical development, each in its regular order. This law applies to the constitution of worlds, of plants, of animals, and man being placed in the extreme advance of the latter class, it must refer to each separate system of organs in man. The many deep-seated intricacies arising from the mind of man, first proceed from their author, God himself. He has placed in us all, powers of acting and choosing; whether those powers of influence and will are acted upon by Him for the furtherance of His particular ends, it is not my intention here to discuss; or whether we are guided by any supernatural being, influenced in any other than the correct way, this, too, is foreign to my design. Grimes, in his learned work entitled "Human Nature and the Nerves," speaking of this moral responsibility and will, says:—

"The moral character depends upon the cerebrum, and its independence of the body."

Now mark what follows; a ground taken that never has been, nor can it ever be proved:—

"In proportion to its development, compared with the body, as possessors have the powers to restrain and postpone the instinctive tendencies to immediate bodily indulgence."

Now, grant that this be admitted—though it is certainly unsound—how utterly absurd does the doctor appear when he attempts to prove the following; as though the social elements of man's very nature were placed so near together, and yet act toward each other with such incomprehensible antagonism:—

"On the other hand, as some compensation, they enjoy more vividly the contemplation of future enjoyments, and they are also more capable of acting in a way to secure their future gratification."

The extension of this theme, interesting as it may be, involves the complicated and unending argument attendant upon "The Freedom of Will." But the point at which we are aiming is, to discover, if we are able, the source of that power, or organization in man, demanding a release from cares present, and wearsome toils future; and to see whether we can have the inherent desire for pleasure to a higher order of being than that of a mere animal or animal instinct; for after all, reason is but an educated and well-trained instinct, moulded, perhaps, by the intervention of another and higher quality, making that jewel, the mind, in man, more Godlike than it is in the brute, although in the latter there is a trace of Divinity. It is observable that all mankind, no matter in whatever position we gaze, or to whatever nation we look, have a natural tendency to amusement. Now, if you please, let us take the lowest order of the human intellect, and examine the peculiarities of their amusements as contrasted with those of more enlightened nations. Physiologists place on the lowest rounds of the ladder, the Hottentots of Southern Africa; a people at once degenerate, degraded, and utterly barbarous. What is the almost universal belief among them in relation to diversions? After the work of the day is past, when with haggard and almost ghostly appearance they return to the huts of their several tribes, they congregate in vast numbers, and, with a rude lute accompaniment, perform the most obscene and degraded dance that could be imagined, even by the polluted mind of a debased and worthless outcast. And yet travellers tell us that when the English government, in 1860, endeavored, by the strong arm of power, to suppress them, it caused a revolt, and a revolution that would have been serious in its consequences had not that power been withdrawn. Now, going North in the same country, look at the Barbary States; a people who must still claim to be barbarous, and yet enjoy a higher degree or *status* of amusement. They are capable, as a people, of concocting schemes, of making bargains, neighbor with neighbor, of enjoying, to a limited extent, the minor immunities of a more elevated life; and hence we observe them passing to a higher scale of amusements. The Moors delight in equestrian exercises. It is true to a certain extent that they have the same migratory habits of the Arabs, but then their style of exercise does not always agree. A Moor will spur his steed toward a barrier, and then, with a mere flash of his arm, will relieve the mind of the spectator who has been breathlessly anticipating the destruction of both horse and rider. Exhibitions of juggling are practiced, and around the city of Tunis, hawking (not jay-hawking) is common. Notice the comparisons as we progress. The Hottentots, a people devoid of all ambition, seeking nothing but the necessities of a bare subsistence. The Moors, a people whose delight is in reading the Koran, and in committing to memory many of its passages. Passing over to Russia, let us examine their modes of pleasure-seeking. The reader will observe that we are not taking the countries in the usual order. Here, in the peasantry, we discover the first trace of a theatrical representation, as evinced daily among the common people. A writer says of them:

"The peasantry have the national facility of imitation, but as little of the inventive power as belongs to their superiors. Though rendered in some degree stupid by their situation, many of them have been found capable of imitating the best works of nature, the mimicry of their fellow man."

The Cossacks, being of Sclavonic origin, must necessarily follow the styles of the Gipsies; it is useless in this article to speak of the amusements of these two. Examine the varied rebreations of Russia; compare them with those of our own country, and this striking similarity will be noted. The games and pastimes made use of by the children in this, are the very games, etc., employed by the adults in that country. For instance, the simple, childlike plays of "forfeits," or of "Hunt the Slipper," remembered undoubtedly by us all, when our feeble minds could grasp nothing more complex, are the cherished amusements of the adult peasants. What, therefore, would this argue. Certainly, if we are allowed to suppose anything at all, we would at once imagine that the children of all enlightened countries are fathers in thought, when compared to the working classes of sections, whose people bear the same scope of mental development as those living in Russia. Pray, what Divinence Providence would there be in giving to such a mental condition the work of a Newton, or the God-like breathings of a William Shakespeare? God works, aided by means, to bring about certain ends, and what would be argued when we in the future are told that the recreations of Russia, Peasant Russia, Noble Russia, stand on the same platform as that of an enlightened country? Why, certainly that education and refinement had broken down the barriers of a Greek superstition, and that Heaven had worked by those causes, mysterious only to him, the effects visible to all. To attempt to say that God does not guide, with his under-working Providence, the amusements of a people, so as to suit their varied wants and capacities, is to tell me that from the falling sparrow he withdraws his tender care, and from the harmless dove, his watchful eye. Without a suitable recreation, what would a people become? Sir Walter Scott, a man who labored hard to show Divine authority for a suitable recreation for all classes of people, thus comments on this subject:

"Objectors may not see at present the force of the remark, that there is a God, *over all*. I do not mean, when I say all, a God of the good, and a God of the evil, but I mean a 'God over all.' One who directs the affairs of those engaged in both branches, both good and evil. The time will come, I may not live to see it, perhaps, but come it will, when in unison of feeling, the actor and the clergyman will meet on the broad ground of a common humanity; when the opinions of both shall have changed, the former to the more straight and moral, and the latter to the more liberal, and I may also say enlightened, for does it not show a peculiar bigotry, this continually preaching against a popular harmless amusement?"

Scott, in his day, was necessitated to contend against the same bitter malignity that the upholders of amusements are now compelled to battle. It is true that the "good time" spoken of, when actor and minister shall meet on friendly professional terms, has not yet rolled around. But with a firm and undying faith we believe in the consummation of that event. It was my good fortune some time since, to read a work dedicated to young men, in which the author endeavors to prove the impropriety of attending theatres, first on the ground that it is unhealthy. Let me quote him:

"It is calculated that one in one hundred and fifty of those who frequent theatres become diseased, and die from the impurity of the atmosphere. The reason is, that respiration contaminates the air, and where large assemblies are collected in close rooms, the air is corrupted much more rapidly than many are aware."

In contradicting this, I should like to ask the most scientific surgeon now living, whether he could tell, of one hundred and fifty men in a dying state, which one of them had been to a theatre. How ridiculous to palm off on the minds of an enlightened people such an absurd idea. If such a surgeon would guarantee to select such a man out of the above number, he should have a diploma awarded him for his consummate skill in concrete, infinitessimal mathematics. If persons labored under that delusion alone, and theatrical objectors could bring it forward as the only proof of the errors of such a life, we should truly have no hesitancy in saying that the time spoken of by Sir Walter would indeed be nigh at hand. Now let me give my readers another wail from this author:—

"It is painful to look around on a gay audience of fifteen hundred persons, and consider that ten of this number will die in consequence of breathing the bad air of the room so frequently and so long. But I believe this estimate quite within bounds. The practise of going out of a heated, as well as an impure atmosphere late in the evening, and often without sufficient clothing, [Query: Does he blame the theatre because the person is not clothed?] exposes the individual to cold, rheumatism, pleurisy and fever."

Indeed! Now, certainly, "turn about is fair play." I presume it would not be considered impolite—in fact, it would be considered an act of humanity—for me to go to Mr. Beecher, and inform him that his ministrations were doing a vast deal of harm; that, out of the vast number attendant upon the "Plymouth," one out of every one hundred and fifty is slowly but surely passing away. He should not make the people come, or throw out such oily inducements to charm the eye of the unwary mortal. If he believes the people are dying so rapidly, why not remove the roof from his church, and allow the free air of heaven to carry off the excited "Amens" and interpolated "Allelujahs," and not suffer them to linger in the breasts of the hearers, and cause them, perspiring so freely, to actually die at the rate of one in one hundred and fifty. Verily, we live in a scientific and wonderful age. The learned author then quotes, as objector to a theatrical attendance, the philosopher Plato, which, by a free translation from the original Greek, makes innocent Plato to say:—

"Plays raise the passions, and prevent the use of them, and of course are dangerous to morality."

There is no wonder that the wise philosopher remarked this. Theatricals in ancient times were not as they are now. Schlegel, in his studied words on "Dramatic Literature," says on this subject:—

"When we hear the word *theatre*, we naturally think of what with us bears the same name; and yet, nothing can be more different from our theatre than the Grecian."

The grand cause of the objections of Plato was, that the tragical imitations were of the ideal and not the real. It was this that gave no substance for thought; and where thought was the minor object, who could suppose that the mind of that intellectual giant could revel in such a chaos. Plato, nevertheless, wrote many pieces for the stage, and at the representation of several he was present. In fact, very many of those ancient authors composed some of the very finest specimens of dramatic plays. The "Antigone" of Sophocles is a tragedy that bears the impress of almost a divine mind, and yet, even Sophocles himself called it one of his inferior works. His "Œdipus Tyranus," in connection with his "Antigone," was performed in Berlin, ten years since, and had an unprecedented run. Persons from all parts of Europe were the pleased spectators.

The truth of the whole discussion is, that as dark a face as our theatrical and other amusements bear, after an investigation critical and unprejudiced, thousands will be led to change an opinion that they will acknowledge was biased and illiberal. Let us all endeavor to elevate the standard, and show by our actions that our actions will always speak louder than words.

GAMBLING IN NEW MEXICO.

The modus operandi of gambling is thus described. The proprietor of the house takes out a license, and rents tables to gentlemen of the profession, who set up a bank and commence operations. Sometimes three or four tables will be in full blast in one room at the same time, and in the course of an evening, thousands of dollars will exchange hands. We will enter one of these places, and watch the thing in motion. We see little crowds of men, in various parts of the room, collected around the tables. If we approach nearer, we will observe that one person sits behind the table, who is the banker, and deals the cards. The table is covered with a green or red cover, divided into four squares, and as the cards are drawn, one is thrown on each square. The betters place their money upon their favorite cards, in sums according to their will or means. The money being staked, the cards are now drawn, either by the banker or another person, and when the result is announced, each one is paid the amount of his winnings, when the pack is again shuffled for a new game. While the cards are being drawn, it is interesting to watch the parties in interest; each eye and mind is intently fixed upon the game, and often a breathless silence reigns until the result is known, when the fortunate ones rake their gains to them, and the losers depart, or prepare to try their luck again.

In former times, females were frequent visitors at gambling houses, and lost and won their doubloons at monte and other games, with a *sang froid* truly masculine. A change for the better has taken place in this particular, and the fairer portion of creation are now seldom seen at the gambling table, except at the public fairs, when they indulge a little for amusement's sake. A few years ago, quite a celebrated female, known as Sonora Donna Gertrude Barcelo, led the van in gambling in Santa Fe. She was a Taosite by birth, but attended her adventures to the capitol, where she established her headquarters. Here she struck the tide that "leads to fortune," and for a considerable time, was known as the most expert monte dealer in the city. Her wealth leavened the social lump, and gained her admittance into the most select circles, and she soon became one of the *upper tendom* of the city. She died about the year 1851, and was buried with the highest honors of the Church, at an expense of upwards of sixteen hundred dollars for spiritual services in the burial alone, including the grave. The bill was duly made out by the Bishop of Santa Fe, with his name signed thereto, and presented to her executors, and paid. Among the items were *cos derechez del obispo* (the rights of the bishop,) one thousand dollars; *los posos*, each fifty dollars, which means that each time the procession halted on its way to the burial, and the bier was placed upon the ground, the church made a charge of this amount; and the other charges were in proportion.

HUNTING IN MINNESOTA.

An intelligent "correspondent" gives the following description of a hunt with the Sioux Indians in Minnesota. The writer had been to St. Paul, and on his return from that city to his home, night overtook him in what are known as the "Big Woods," and finding it impossible to make his way out, he determined to quarter with the Indians. The next morning he was invited to join them in a hunt, of which he writes as follows:—

"Before I went to sleep I agreed with Little Crow, the chief of the band, whom I was well acquainted with, that I would join him in the next day's hunt. Accordingly he aroused me in the morning before day, and gave me my breakfast. I had scarcely completed it, when all the hunters and warriors assembled before the chief's tent, and performed those mysterious rites which invariably precede a grand hunt, and which none but the initiated can comprehend. Their movements, somewhat resembling a solemn dance, although exceedingly interesting, were conducted with the greatest regularity and precision, while the patriarchs of the tribe and the 'medicine' men sang a low and lugubrious chant, which sounded not unlike the 'fy, yi yi,' etc., of the shakers. They seemed to be invoking the blessing of the Great Spirit on their coming sport. And they worshipped with a zeal and earnestness which superstition and ignorance alone can inspire. I thought of the old line, 'Lo the poor Indian, whose untutored mind,' etc., and wondered if, with all his faults, the dusky savage is not about as good for heaven as any of us.

"My reveries were broken in upon, however, by a general rush to the woods. They took different directions, and went as if the pursuers of Tam O'Shanter's mare were after them. I did my utmost to keep up, but failed in the effort, and began to think seriously of abandoning the chase, when my friend Crow came to my assistance. Crow is the most talented among the Sioux chiefs, and though a tall, sulky, green-looking Indian, is a brave man and a first-rate fellow. He proposed that we should walk on leisurely to the centre of the circle agreed upon for the day's operations. This we did, and on our way he informed me that the favorite way of hunting with the Indians is ring-hunting, as we would call it in Virginia. They thus enclose great numbers of wild animals, which in shunning Scylla are apt to fall into Charybdis. The fleetest buck is seldom able to escape so many and such subtle foes.

"It was near 10 o'clock in the morning before we saw any game, but after that time great numbers of deer were seen darting through the woods like arrows. Crow shot at many of them as they ran, but succeeded in killing but one only. For my part, I did not even kill or wound one. I find that the Indian's great superiority in hunting consists in his creeping abilities. Crow would crawl on his belly nearly as fast as I could walk, and that too, with little or no noise.

"As we gradually 'closed in,' the sharp crack of the rifle was heard in every direction, and the frequent whizzing of a bullet by our heads reminded us of the recklessness of the hunters and our own danger. Anon a wounded buck would fly past us, pursued by wolfish dogs and Indians fiendishly yelling and howling after their victim. It was very exciting sport, for the Indians were urged almost to frenzy, and acted more as if they were in some fierce battle than at a common exercise.

"About this time, and at the hight of the excitement, we heard a yell proceeding from the other side of the ring, louder, more fierce and different from any other of those that were arising around us. The Indians seemed to understand it, as they all rushed to the spot from whence it came. I followed them, and to my astonishment found that one of them had been shot dead by accident. The yell that I had heard came from the Indian that had done the deed. Further proceedings were stopped at once, and all rejoicing and yelling was hushed. The deceased had been a fine fellow and a general favorite. His name was Ma-nom-e-ne. Those who had killed any game shouldered it and struck home. The balance, of whom I was one, formed a procession which followed poor Ma-nom-e-ne, carried on the back of his destroyer, to the camp. His squaw, who was a young and very pretty woman, had heard the news before we got there, and came out with her two little children to meet and take charge of her dead husband. It was a sad spectacle. She threw herself upon him and broke forth in the most piteous and affecting cries of agony that I ever heard. There was no affectation about it; no estate to be settled up—no dower to set apart—nothing to abstract her mind from her crushing grief. There was not a dry eye in that dusky crowd, notwithstanding their usual stoicism and coolness. When we arrived at the camp the corpse was decently laid out on some poles, about eight feet from the ground, and wrapped up in a blanket or buffalo skin, with his rifle by his side. Sentries were set about him, and every face about the camp except my own and that of the widowed squaw was painted black, and some in the most hideous manner. Now commenced the formal lamentation of the tribe for the deceased hunter. They sang dolefully and howled dismally. No man who has never heard the Indians lamenting their dead can form any idea of the wild and awful character of their cries and their wailings.

"When I had got home, several days after, I saw the widow going by with her pony, (which had been given her by the Indian who shot her husband) her two little children, and their dead father. She had two poles, some twelves or fifteen feet long, attached one to each side of this pony, much like a shaft, on which were fastened cross-pieces, and on these were placed the corpse. She was taking him to the common burying-ground on the Minnesota, some fifty miles distant. Her poor little children were trudging along by her side as she led the horse, both of them crying with the cold or about their father, their tears almost freezing as they fell to the ground. The woman herself could not suppress her sobs, nor would she accept any nourishment from the kind hands that were extended to her as she passed through our village, but worried on, carrying her precious load to its last resting place."

A FEW HINTS TO VOLUNTEERS.

As a large number of our young men, from town and country, are about to depart for the active duties of a soldier's life, perhaps it would be well to give a few hints on matters generally relating to the camp and the march, by one who has been "through the mill." The first thing in order, then, as necessary to a soldier's outfit. This, of course, must be very meagre, as the Government furnishes almost everything necessary for the soldier's comfort. All he wants, therefore, which Government does not furnish, is a good, strong, gum blanket, which he will find very useful both as a bed and as a protection against inclement weather. Indeed, no soldier should go into the field without one. Next, the soldier will need a knife, fork and spoon.

A very excellent article of this nature, being a combination of the three articles in one, can be obtained at almost any of our cutlery or hardware stores. The recruit should also supply himself with a good, strong pocket-knife, which he will find use for almost every hour in the day. Perhaps it would be well to add a tin cup and tin plate to the above list, as Government is sometimes somewhat tardy in furnishing these articles. The above is about all the outfit a recruit requires, and when he starts for camp he should take with him as little clothing as possible, for when he once receives his clothing and equipments from Government he will have as much as he can conveniently carry, and any superfluous clothing will be cast along the roadside on the first day's march.

When the recruit goes into quarters, if they should happen to have been previously occupied by troops, his first object should be to see that they are free from vermin or noxious insects. If his investigations discover anything of this kind, he should immediately report to his captain, and if the matter is not attended to, his only remedy is to take an "outside seat" until something is done.

In establishing a new camp, the first duty of the soldier is to see that all brush and rubbish be immediately removed, and that the street in front of the tent be cleanly swept. It should be the care of the captain of each company to see that the company street is cleaned or swept every morning, and all refuse matter buried or removed. Attention to these sanitary hints will prevents disease and add greatly to the comforts of the men.

Perhaps one of the most unpleasant features of a march on a warm day is the sensation of thirst, when water cannot be obtained for hours. A partial remedy for this suffering may be found in sucking the juice of a lemon, and no soldier, if he can avoid it, should be without one or two in his haversack at all times. We know that soldiers are proverbially reckless and improvident, and that it is not an easy matter to keep a "good thing" on hand twenty-four hours, when most of them go on the principle that "we live to-day and die to-morrow." The prudent soldier, however, will always keep a look-out for the "rainy day," and if he once tries the experiment, he will always be sure to have a lemon on hand.

Another annoyance to the green soldier is sore feet. There are very few who, on their first day's march, do not complain in this respect. But there is a remedy for this also. Every soldier should avoid boots, and use the shoes provided by Government. If he is in the habit of wearing 7's at home he should select 8's in the army. If his feet become blistered or chafed, he should immediately, on entering camp in the evening, bathe them in cold water and grease them with tallow. He should be careful to have a tallow candle stuck away in his knapsack before he starts on the march. Wear woolen stockings by all means, no matter whether the thermometer is up to a hundred or down to zero, as they absorb the perspiration and measurably protect the feet from blistering.

On the march, avoid liquor, especially if the day is warm. If the soldier *will* drink it, it is best to do so at the end of the march.

If on the march, and the sun proves very hot, embrace the first opportunity to fill your cap with oak or hickory leaves, having previously saturated them with water. This will keep your head cool and prevent sun stroke.

GREAT EATERS.

"Some men are born to feast, and not to fight,
Whose sluggish minds, e'en in fair honor's field,
Still on their dinner turn."—JOANNA BAILLIE.

The heroes of the Trojan war had prodigious appetites. We find their table feats more than once commemorated in the Iliad. Those were days of thrift, not waste; and it is not to be supposed that much more was laid on the table than the guests were expected to eat. When we are told that after the duel of the son of Telamon with Hector, and when dinner came on,

"The king himself,* an honorary sign,
Before great Ajax placed the mighty chime"—

it was clearly intended that the champion should appropriate the entire dish to himself. Several centuries later, Milo of Crotona, who flourished five hundred years before the Christian era, killed a bullock of four years old with one blow of his fist, and ate up the entire animal in a single day. Aglais, a dancer, daughter of Megacles, would devour for her supper, ten pounds of meat, with twelve loaves, and drink several quarts of wine. (See *Cæl. Rhod.* L. 15, c. 19.) We have no record as to whether she exercised her vocation soon after this inordinate meal. Clio, not the muse of history, but a Grecian woman of the middle class, co-eval with Aglais, challenged all men to eat and drink, but never met her match. The family of the Apicii were as celebrated in old Rome for their gluttony, as the Decii, Fabii, and Scipios for their patriotic devotion. There were three of the name, but Apicius Cœlius No. 2 was the most famous; he wrote a book, still extant, *De Arte Conquinaria*, on the pleasures of, and the excitements to eating, and well worthy the attention of gastronomists. It is quoted with eulogium in the *Almanac des Gourmands*, and contains some good "peptic precepts." This belly god hanged himself because his steward reported that he had only eighty thousand pounds sterling left (*centies sestertium*,) which he calculated would only suffice for one supper. According to that curious and most minute compiler, Dr. Arbuthnot, he had spent on his kitchen alone £807,291 13s. 4d. But with all his epicurianism and reckless expense in the indulgence of that propensity, he was contented to eat stale sandwich oysters at Rome, instead of traveling to Britain to enjoy them fresh. In this taste he was followed by George II., to supply whose table, oysters verging on decomposition were advertised for at a high premium.

It is recorded of the Emperor Claudius Albanus, who reigned for a short period, A. D. 198, that he ate one day for his breakfast, five hundred figs, one hundred peaches, ten mellons, one hundred fig peckers, forty Adriatic oysters (they are nearly a foot in diameter,) and a large supplement of grapes. It was well for him that cholera was unknown in those days. We may think that after such a dose of fruit, he might have called out with Mad Tom in *Lear*: "Hopdance cries within me for three white herrings." A certain Phago, in presence of the Emperor Aurelian, devoured a whole sheep, a wild boar, a young pig, with five hundred loaves, and wine in proportion. Theodoret, a Greek father in the early part of the fifth century, tells of a Syrian woman, unnamed, who consumed daily, thirty pullets, and was never known to be satisfied. It appears, however, that Macedonius cured her by making her drink the holy water which had been sanctified according to rule.

In the year of our Lord 235, the Roman Emperor Maximin, originally a Thracian peasant (we must remember he was a son of Anak, being eight feet high,) dispatched daily at his dinner, forty pounds of beef and nineteen bottles of wine. He expanded to such a size, in consequence, that his wife's bracelets served him for rings to his fingers.

But all these cases of *bulimia* sink into nothing when paralleled with the disease of the Emperor Vitellius. We learn from Suetonius, and other reliable authorities, that all the roads in Italy, and the two seas, Mediterranean and Adriatic, were covered with emissaries solely employed in providing the most exquisite meats and the choicest fish for his ravenous symposia. He made four meals per diem, sometimes taking an emetic between each, that he might more speedily unload his stomach, and be ready for a fresh onslaught. He was so insatiable, that during the pontifical sacrifices, he was often seen to snatch the animal's entrals irom the fire, half-baked, and devour them in presence of the assembled crowd. He invited himself to his friends' houses, who trembled when the imperial visit was announced, for he made them entertain him so sumptuously, that ruin often ensued. A single feast swallowed up a year's rental. His brother, Lucius Vitellius, once treated him with two thousand fishes, and seven thousand singing birds, all exquisitely delicate and scarce. The expense of his table amounted to seven millions sterling in the space of four months. He had always ready in his larder thousands of phessants' livers, tongues of fishes, peacocks' brains, and the tails of lampreys.

The moderns cannot quite reach the mark of the ancients, but they have, nevertheless, exhibited some memorable feats in mastication. Furetiere, in the *Furetiana*, p. 8, says that he saw a man eat, without pausing to take breath, a loin of veal, a capon, and two woodcocks, with four pounds of bread. In 1812, an account appeared in the papers of a countryman who, for a bet, devoured at a meal, by measurement, as much tripe as would make him a jacket. Another, not long after, beat him by a waistcoat and nether integuments of the same material. We have somewhere read of a Capuchin friar, who ate, at one sitting, twelve omelets, each containing twelve eggs. The last Duke of Montague had a tenant, a Scotchman, whose manducatory powers were unrivaled. He challenged all England to a contest. A Norfolk bumpkin entered the lists, and was ignominiously beaten. The Duke was at dinner when his special messenger arrived with news of the issue. He ordered him in at once, and demanded particulars. "They began," said the envoy, "on two equal rounds of beef, one of which each dispatched in less than two hours. They then took two large legs of mutton, and in the middle of his the Englishman broke down and gave in." "Bravo!" exclaimed the Duke. "Our man then," proudly added the ambassador, "ate a goose!"

Voltaire relates that Charles Gustavus of Sweden, the successor of Queen Christina, was engaged in the siege of Prague, when a peasant of most appalling aspect, with tusks like a wild boar, desired admittance to his tent, and, being allowed entrance, offered, by way of amusing the King and his suite, to devour a whole hog, weighing two hundred-weight. The old General Konigsmarck, who stood by the King's side, and who, soldier as he was, and fearless before the enemy, still retained some of the prejudices of his childhood, hinted to his royal master that the boor ought to be burnt as a sorcerer. "Sir," said the fellow, irritated at the suggestion, "if your Majesty will make that little old gentleman take off his sword and spurs, I will eat him in your presence before I begin the pig." General Konigsmarck, who at the head of his brigade had performed wonders against the Austrians, and was looked upon as one of the bravest men of the age, could not face this proposal, especially as it was accompanied by a most hideous and preternatural expansion of the frightful anthropophagus's jaws. Without uttering a word, he wheeled suddenly round, ran out of the tent, and thought himself unsafe until he reached his own quarters, where he double locked himself in for four-and-twenty hours, before he could shake off the panic which had so completely unmanned him.

*Agamemnon.

PRAIRIE DOG VILLAGE.

Captain Burton, in his new work entitled "The City of the Saints, and Across the Rocky Mountains to California," thus describes a prairie-dog village:—

I saw to-day, for the first time, a prairie-dog village. The little beast, hardly as large as a Guinea-pig, belongs to the family of squirrels and the group of marmots—in point of manner it somewhat resembles the monkey. "Wish-ton-Wish"—an Indian onomatoplasm—was at home, sitting posted like a sentinel upon the roof, and sunning himself in the mid-day glow. It is not easy to shoot him; he is out of doors all day; but timid and alert, at the least suspicion of danger he plunges, with a jerking of the tail, and a somersault quicker than a shy young rabbit's, into the nearest hole, peeping from the ground, and keeping up a feeble little cry, (wish! ton! wish!) more like the note of a bird than a bark. If not killed outright he will manage to wriggle into his home.

The villages are generally on the brow of a hill, near a creek or pond, thus securing water without the danger of drowning. The earth burrowed out while making the habitations, is thrown up in heaps, which serve as sitting-places in the wet season, and give a look-out upon the adjacent country; it is more dangerous to ride over them than to charge a field of East Indian "T'hur," and many a broken leg and collar-bone have been the result. The holes, which descend in a spiral form, must be deep, and they are connected by long galleries, with sharp angles, ascents and descents, to puzzle the pursuer. Lieutenant Pike had one hundred and forty kettles of water poured into one without dislodging the occupant. The village is always cleared of grass, probably by the necessities of the tenants, who, though they enjoy insects, are mainly graminivorous, and rarely venture half a mile from home. The limits are sometimes three miles square, and the population must be dense, as a burrow will occur every few paces. The *Cynomys Ludovicianus* prepares for winter by stopping the mouth of its burrow, and constructing a deeper cell in which it hibernates till spring appears. It is a graceful little animal, dark brown above and white below, with teeth and nails, head and tail somewhat like the gray sciurus of the states. The Indians and trappers eat this American marmot, declaring its flesh to be fatter and better than that of the squirrel. Some travelers advise exposing the meat for a night or two to the frost, by which means the rankness of subterranean flavor is corrected. It is undoubted that the rattlesnake—both of the yellow and black species—and the small, white burrowing owl, are often found in the same warren with this rodent, a curious happy family of reptile, bird and beast, and in some places he has been seen to associate with tortoises, rattlesnakes, and horned frogs. According to some naturalists, however, the fraternal harmony is not so perfect as it might be—the owl is accused of occasionally gratifying his carniverous lusts by laying open a skull of Wis-ton-Wish with a smart stroke of the beak.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FRIENDS.—The law against prize fighting in this State is as follows:—"Sec. 1. Any person who shall, by previous appointment or arrangement, meet another person, and engage in a fight, shall be punished by imprisonment in the State prison not more than one year, or by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars. Sec. 2. Every person who shall be present at such fight, as an aid, second, or surgeon, or who shall advise, encourage, or promote such fight, shall be punished by imprisonment in the State prison not more than one year, or by imprisonment in the county jail not more than one year, or by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars. Sec. 3. Every person an inhabitant or resident of this State, who shall, by previous appointment or agreement, made within this State, leave the State, and engage in a fight with another person, without the limits thereof, shall be punished by imprisonment in the State prison not more than one year, or by fine not exceeding one thousand dollars."

SETH T., Baltimore.—"Two of us were throwing dice—I had just counted eleven; my opponent offered to bet ten dollars that he would beat that throw; a looker-on said he would take that bet; the money, ten dollars a side, was staked in my hands, by agreement, and the dice were thrown; on lifting the dice, there were eleven spots visible, being the same number as I had thrown. The looker-on claimed the money, which was resisted by the other player, who urged that as it was a tie, it was a draw, or there must be another throw. I could not decide, and submit the question to you, both parties agreeing to abide by your decision. Which takes the money?".....Your throw being eleven, and your opponent betting that he could *beat* eleven, he should have done so to win the money. The fact of his tieing eleven is of no account. He bet that he would beat your throw; he failed to do it, and loses the money.

C. B., Pittsburgh.—1. The terms of the proposed sculling match between Joshua Ward and Robert Chambers were in substance as follows:—"To row a race of five miles, on the river Hudson, for $2000 a side, Ward to pay Chambers $500 to defray his expenses in coming here. Ward signed the articles submitted by Chambers, on the 7th of March, 1861, and placed $1,250 in the hands of the stakeholder. Chambers was expected to leave England in April, but he did not start, and soon after, his friends here received information that he had concluded to give up the match. 2. Chambers had no money up.

W. S. W., Philadelphia.—The Professor Lowe, who was operating with the army of the Potomac, is the same æronaut who, a few years since, announced his intention to cross the Atlantic in a balloon. His balloon was inflated several times for the proposed trip, but the start was never effected; accidents, or something of the kind, preventing the Professor's departure.

J. S., Canfield, Ohio.—We cannot state (with sufficient exactness for you to send them a telegram) where that circus company now is, except the main fact that they are in Canada. They have their job printing done in Cincinnati, and you may possibly find out by their printer, in that city.

MONITOR, Baltimore.—Glad to hear from you again. We cannot interfere (except in general terms) in what you relate about the conduct of that "lady performer." There are papers which badger managers of concert halls on such subjects, but such biz. is out of our line.

GLASS EYE, Springfield, Mass.—Coburn offered to make a match to fight Goss, should the latter agree to have the match take place here; Goss acceded; Coburn's silence indicates that there will be no match. We have not seen Coburn very recently.

ALL FOURS PLAYERS.—The party holding the King, which was high, having reniged, or misplayed, forfeits one point to each of the other players, and loses the trick as well; but as the point for high belongs more particularly to the card, and is not involved in the play, he is entitled to that point.

VERITAS, Philadelphia.—We do not see how "a lie can be a truth," and as we do not understand the "philosophy of lying," we shall not undertake to decide your dispute.

PHANTASY.—Silas Steele published a clever little book on amateur theatricals, which may just suit you. We believe it is entitled "Parlor Theatricals."

CONTRABAND.—Yankee Sullivan did not second Lilly in his fight with McCoy. He was opposed to the latter, and gave advice to Lilly, but did not appear in the ring as his second.

J. H. R., Buffalo.—The letter you applied for in behalf of Miss D., was sent at the time requested. We have another one for her, however. Where shall we send it?

B. B., Portland, Me.—Mrs. Forrest obtained a decree of divorce, and, according to our laws, Mr. Forrest cannot marry again while Mrs. F. is living.

PITTSBURGH, Pittsburgh.—Mrs. Ableman was not "*nee*" Mrs. Cantor. The possibility of a woman being born already married, is ahead of our time.

B. RAND, Boston.—You are entitled to two points only, for the euchre. Had your opponent secured the five tricks, he would count four points.

J. J. D., N. Y.—You were fully entitled to one for the "beg," the "bunching" after "beg" being a distinct and separate arrangement.

NEW YORKER.—The steamer Persia was over fourteen days in making her first passage from Liverpool to New York.

"PEMBROKE," Quebec.—He has performed at the Bowery, but not of late years.

C. H. C., Quebec, C. E.—The postage on the letter for you is twenty cents.

A. L.—Apply at the office of the company; it is near the Battery, we believe.

JOHN MACKEY.—We have a letter for you.

E. B. C.—Let it drop; you will certainly get the worst of it.

BLUFF, Baltimore.—B is entitled to a sight of A's hand.

UNITED STATES VS. CANADA.—At last we are to have another cricket contest between selected elevens of the United States and Canada, the eleven of the former to be chosen from the prominent players of the St. George and New York clubs, and the latter from the leading cricketers of the various British regiments now on duty in Canada. The former will include, we believe, the names of Gibbes, Harry Wright, Napier, Creighton, Walker, and Waller, of the St. George club; Higham, Sharp, Sadler, Hammond and Hudson of the New York, and Barclay of Philadelphia. The latter will number several of the finest cricketers out of England, the Canadians, it is said, being better represented than in any other match they have played in. A feature of this match will be the playing of the St. George and New York members together again, in the same match. The restoration of the *entente cordiale* between these clubs will be the means of benefitting cricket in this country greatly. The first match, United States vs Canada, will commence on Wednesday, Sept. 10th, and will occupy two days. On Friday, the 12th, an eleven of St. George will play an eleven of the Montreal club, which will close the four days play, both matches being two-day games. We shall give detailed reports of each match. These games will be the most interesting we have had for two seasons past.

THE GAME OF BILLIARDS.—This game appears to be gaining in popularity daily, owing, no doubt, to a more uniform construction of the material used, the more conveniently arranged and appointed billiard saloons, and the greater skill attained by the professional as well as amateur players. The late matches, both here and in California, have also had their effect in popularising the game, and those to come, between Kavanagh of New York and Foley of Cleveland, and Deery of New York and Fox of Rochester, will add to the interest. So far as amateurs are concerned, a lull has been experienced of late, attributable to the war excitement, and to the fact that billiards are, essentially an in-door amusement, and better adapted to the winter than the summer months. As the days shorten, however, and the weather becomes colder, we may look for a revival in this branch of sports, and the state of the country permitting, during the coming fall and winter, a more lively time in the way of billiards may be looked for; and, if we read the signs of the times aright, surpassing any previous season. We hope it may be so, because we look upon it that such games and exercises are promotive of good health and good humor, both of which are essential to good morals. Let billiards progress.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—The match between Mace and King continues to progress without the slightest drawback or interruption. The deposits are regularly made, according to agreement, and at last accounts both men were about to commence their training exercises. As soon as the men shall have fairly got to work, we may expect to hear how the "betting market" stands.

"PLAYED OUT."—The dirty gang engaged in the assault upon McClellan have all been "played out" by the latter's appointment to command the Army of Virginia. What mortification, what utter contempt for themselves they must feel, after such an unlooked-for termination to their "labors." McClellan's soldiers are yet to have a day of reckoning with the defamers of their General.

THE FAVORITE OF THE ARMY.

WHAT a noble position Gen. McClellan at present occupies. Condemned by men who know nothing of military affairs—assaulted, day after day, and week after week, by newspaper scribblers—maligned by jealous politicians—his plans interfered with by men who "never set a squadron in the field"—the brave and loyal McClellan has never once turned from the path of duty to his country to answer his assailants, or refute the calumnies uttered against him. For his suffering country's sake, he silently bore them all; patiently awaiting the time when the nation at large will do him justice, and punish his enemies. While some of his assailants boldly proclaimed that our young commander was "played out," the President of the United States, by the advice and co-operation of the Cabinet, was assigning him to higher and more important duties, and to-day he is commander of a larger army than has been entrusted to any officer since the war commenced. Truly his day of triumph is approaching, while the downfall of his calumniators is close at hand, when the accursed dogs who have attempted to hunt him down will feel the vengeance of an outraged army. While in Philadelphia last week, we conversed with a number of soldiers who had been wounded in the battles before Richmond, and with many who had suffered in the recent contests on the Rappahannock. These men all speak in the highest terms of Gen. McClellan, whom they love with a devotion seldom manifested in the ranks; and some of these rough but honest and loyal hearts are not very choice in the language they use to give expression to their feelings. One war-scarred veteran, who had served with McClellan on the Peninsula, said: "Let McClellan lead our boys, and we'll follow him to hell." "Yes, the whole army will go with him to the death," said another. A minister of the gospel, who volunteered to assist in bringing our wounded off the field of carnage at Bull Run, informs us that, when it became known last week that Gen. McClellan was placed in command, the soldiers in front of Washington became almost frantic with delight, some of them actually weeping with joy. Such enthusiasm was never before witnessed as the army manifested on the reception of the glorious news of McClellan's appointment. Confidence was once more restored, and where gloom and despondency had prevailed, all was now joy and gladness. The maimed, the wounded, the sick and dying, all alike bore testimony to the ability, the loyalty, the kindness of heart of the young commander. We have seen strong men weep while speaking in warm terms of Gen. McClellan, and of his care and attention to the wants of his men. What have the scurrilous newspaper defamers of McClellan to say to the evidence of these bruised and mangled heroes who have served under that gallant officer? What have those scribbling scoundrels to say to his appointment to the important position he now occupies? "Played out," forsooth; why his very name is a "tower of strength," while his appearance "along the lines" infuses a spirit of valor among the ranks that would make fearful havoc in the columns of the enemy. President Lincoln understands the "situation" very well, and understanding it, he also knows that Gen. McClellan is the man for the crisis. He would sooner lose his whole cabinet, than lose the services of an officer like McClellan. There are, no doubt, men in the Union army, who have done our cause much injury; officers whom loyal men dislike to follow, officers who have played our soldiers into the hands of the enemy time and again. But Gen. McClellan is not one of them. He is true to the core, and had he been untrammeled, his forces, in all probability, would have been in possession of the rebel capital long ere this. He was made a sacrifice of, however, through intriguing politicians, and our army has had a narrow escape from destruction. But for the military ability and skill of Gen. McClellan, and his forbearance under persecution, the nation might have sustained an irreparable blow in the capture or destruction of our forces before Richmond.

With one hundred thousand men, Gen. McClellan was sent to attack the Confederate capital. For not taking Richmond he has been condemned by newspaper generals. Now we find that McClellan was correct in not assailing the rebel army, for the combined forces of the various divisions of our army have since been compelled to fall back and defend our own capital. What McClellan was expected to do, twice his numbers have been found too small to undertake. He did all that mortal man could do with such an inferior force—he saved his army, and severely punished the enemy; winding up the eventful week of battles on the peninsula by not only holding the position he had taken, but also driving the enemy before him, and slaughtering them in immense numbers. Let the croakers, and calumniators of McClellan now hold their peace. Their game is played out, and they have been completely euchred.

CHICAGO HORSE FAIR.

THIS show of horses, which commenced on the 1st, at Chicago, will most probably result in great pecuniary losses to those interested who have money to lose. The show is undoubtedly a failure. We have letters from various sources in Chicago, all tending to show that the exhibition must prove disastrous. Even the day set apart for the display of lady equestrianism,—and which was looked forward to as the "great day," when fifty thousand spectators were confidently expected to be on hand—was the saddest collapse of all, the attendance not reaching more than 5,000. The management seems to have been bad; the time selected injudicious; and those who were supposed to have some idea of business, knew nothing at all of what was required of them. Nothing seems to have been conducted properly. A correspondent, writing on the 5th, says:

EDITOR CLIPPER—The World's Horse Fair is the topic, at present; though I fear from what I see, that the crowds expected will not be forthcoming, and consequently that a portion of the prize-takers will have to whistle for the money due them. The great event of the fair came off yesterday afternoon, in the exhibition of *equestriennes*, but was rather feebly attended, although the day was all that the most fastidious could desire. The decision of the judges and the spectators was very different—the former giving the first prize to a young lady, and the second to a married one, who, in the opinion of the people, merited the $300 for the best horsemanship (or womanship, as the case may be). Some fast trotting takes place every afternoon, on which occasions a good deal of money changes hands.

Another correspondent says:

FRIEND QUEEN—The Horse Fair, I am afraid, will be a pecuniary failure. On the second day there were not more than one thousand persons present. Yesterday (4th), the big day for ladies, there were not 5000 spectators in attendance. Three shows are on the ground, doing nothing.

When another exhibition of the kind is talked of, see that the proper kind of men are placed at the head of affairs.

"MCCLELLAN INSIDE AND OUT."—How are you, General Scribbler? It don't pay to attack McClellan, does it? Had to fall back and change your base of operations, eh? The loyal forces carry too many guns for you, do they? Ah! ah! Guess you won't open again on the army's favorite, will you? It is better for the "cobbler to stick to his last," than to attempt to criticise matters of which he is entirely ignorant, isn't it? The scribbler's "played out," isn't he? Gen. McClellan played high, didn't he, and skunked the whole army of paper Generals? "McClellan inside and out." Pooty boy.

SCOTTISH SPORTS.—The New York Caledonian club will give its sixth annual exhibition on the 10th inst., at Jones' Wood. Those who have not witnessed the Caledonians in their favorite games and pastimes, have missed a treat, for certainly our Scottish friends can get up a very fine display of athletic and other performances.

TROTTING MATCH.—The stallion trotting match for $10,000, between Ethan Allen and Robert Fillingham, is engaging a good deal of attention. It is to take place on the Fashion Course, L. I., on Wednesday, Sept. 10. The race is to be mile heats, best three in five, in harness. Quick time is looked for, and if the knowing ones and jockies are not permitted to "throw the race," we may witness a very interesting contest.

"UNMASKED."—Since the scribblers have succeeded in "unmasking" General McClellan, it is found that his "position" is stronger than it ever has been, while he *now* commands a larger army than was ever before commanded by any General on this continent. A little more "unmasking" *may* place him in the Presidential chair. "Look out for the locomotive," and clear the track of all lying newspaper scribblers.

"THE MILK IN THE COCOANUT" of one of our paper Generals has turned very sour since President Lincoln appointed McClellan to the command of our forces before Washington. It is feared in some quarters that it may yet turn to water on the brain; but we can assure them that there is no danger of such a result. There may be plenty of water in the fellow's pate, but no brain. The selection of Gen. McClellan for the high position he now occupies has had the effect to place his defamers in their true character, and we now see them "inside and out."

HORSE SHOW.—A horse show was commenced in the vicinity of Chicago last week, but from what we learn we presume the speculation is another failure, owing, it may be, in a measure, to the ignorance or stupidity of certain parties interested in the affair. In a brief telegraphic dispatch it was stated that the committee had been laboring hard for several months to prevent a failure, but the result seems to show that their labor has been in vain.

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.—A good shoemaker knows how to build a shoe; a painter, to use the brush; a lawyer, to talk to a jury; they have been bred to those occupations, and understand their business; a convict, too, may give you a good idea of criminals, and prison life; but, la! what do any of them know about military affairs? And yet we find some of them actually "dictating terms" to military men who have devoted years to the study and practice of such matters. What impudence!

SICK.—One of our cotemporaries, who has been on the trail of Gen. McClellan for a month or so, is very ill; so feeble, indeed, that the frail structure may fall to pieces at any moment. The "sick man" assailed our little General so tenderly that he has actually sickened from the feebleness of his own blows. Let us all be ready to carry out the scribbler on a chip.

AQUATIC.

GREAT MATCH RACE FOR $1,000, BETWEEN THE COMMODORE, OF BROOKLYN, AND THE NONPAREIL, OF NEW YORK.—The match race between these celebrated yachts, which has been the subject of general comment in yachting circles since the match was made, some three or four weeks since, came off in fine style on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 4th. The Commodore is one of the favorite boats of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, and is too well known to require any description from us; but we must say, that upon this occasion she combined speed and beauty of appearance in an extraordinary degree. She was built by Mr. Smedley, whose name is well known as one of the first in building this class of yachts.

The Nonpareil was constructed by Mr. Kirby, of the East River, who ranks as one of the most famous in the modeling of boats to be found in the United States.

A steamboat was chartered by the Brooklyn Yacht Club, from which a fine view of the race was had. Quite a large number of persons from New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City were on board.

Everything being in readiness, a good start was effected at 1:13 P. M.; the Commodore, being to the windward, of course took the lead. It soon became evident that the Nonpareil was crowded with too much canvas, for not more than thirty seconds after getting the word "go," she was knocked down by a flaw of wind, and it was only by superior management on the part of the sailing master, that she was prevented from taking in a great quantity of water. The first tack was made at or near Fort Tompkins, Staten Island, at 2 o'clock and 7 minutes; the Commodore, at this point, being 2 minutes and 25 seconds in advance. From this point, the leading boat, being able to carry her sail better than her opponent, gradually opened the gap. Both boats went in west of the west bank; when opposite buoy 13, the Commodore was 5 minutes and 32 seconds on the lead. After passing this point, she made a tack to the eastward, by which she lost 4 minutes and 11 seconds. Buoy No. 9 was rounded by the Commodore at 3:40; by the Nonpareil at 3:41:21. Bets were now freely offered on the latter winning the race, her backers and friends thinking that the great quantity of canvas would be an advantage coming before the wind. In this they were doomed to disappointment, for although she gained 45 seconds, she failed to take the lead. The Commodore passed the stake boat at 4:44; the Nonpareil passed it at 4:44:36. Thus ended one of the finest races that has taken place in New-York Bay for some years. Losers, as well as those who won, appeared to be well satisfied with the day's sport. The Commodore was sailed by Wm. Luther; the Nonpareil by James Starkins. The judges were John Jones and W. C. Peck.

We are under many obligations to Messrs. Wm. Pegg and E. Hilyer, members of the B. Y. Club, for taking us on board of both yachts previous to starting, and for other attentions.

ANNOTHER ACCOUNT.—NONPAREIL VS. COMMODORE.—On Thursday, Sept. 4, a match race for $1000, was sailed between the above boats, both of which are attached to the well-known Brooklyn Yacht Club. The Commodore was built by H. Smedley, a little more than two years since, and has won for herself, both in the club regattas and in match races, an established reputation as one of the fastest yachts of her dimensions, in our waters. During the summer of 1861, she sailed a match race with the famous yacht Charm, in which she gained considerable *eclat* by coming out as "No. 1," in the contest, which was a close one.

The Nonpareil has just "come out," the present summer witnessing her first efforts in our regattas. She has sailed in one or two regattas, but from some cause or other, has not, as yet, realised the predictions of her friends. To the eye, she is certainly one of the most beautiful yachts belonging to the B. Y. C., and Kirby, her builder, enjoys an excellent reputation for turning out "clippers" of the first water.

The contestants did not sail as cat-rigged, but each sported full canvas and carried gib and mainsail. The wind was from the south east, and there was just enough of it for each of them to display their sailing qualities to good advantage. The course was from a stake boat anchored off the club house of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, to the buoy on the west bank, in the lower bay, known as Number Nine; thence back to the place of starting. The distance was something more than twenty miles.

At 1 o'clock they made a good start, the Nonpareil, for a short distance, showing a little in front; this was attributed to those who sailed her being rather more expert in sending her off. The Commodore, however, soon ranged alongside of her, and gallantly challenged her for the lead; after a brief contest she obtained it, and away both boats sped for the lower bay in splendid style. As they approached the west bank, the Commodore had the ill luck to break her centre-board, which compelled her to reduce her sail, in consequence of which the Nonpareil passed her, and turned buoy No. 9 more than one minute ahead of her. On the homestretch, however, they had to sail before the wind, which point is the Commodore's *forte*. The latter now rapidly overhauled the N., and passing her, came in a handsome winner by some fifty-eight seconds, in three hours and thirty seconds.

A steamboat with an excellent band of music accompanied the contestants throughout the race; and the bay was thickly dotted with numerous representatives of the Brooklyn, Jersey City, and Hoboken yacht clubs, rendering the occasion quite a gala day for the lovers and votaries of aquatic sport.

RACE BETWEEN THE CASSIDY AND HILL.—The yacht race between the boats George M. Hill, of Kensington, Philadelphia, and the Lewis C. Cassidy, of Southwark, Philadelphia, came off as announced, on September 1st. The wind was blowing very hard from the southwest, and many of the backers of either boat were afraid that they would be unable to "show the usual spirit" on the occasion, the sea being so high. Through the kindness of Mr. Harry Hyatt, I was invited to be present on the occasion. The yachts are each 22 feet long, and of very nearly the same build. There is no doubt but that the Hill was the favorite in the northern part of the city, where betting was quite free on their *sladon*, while the opposite was the case with the Cassidy. The wind being so boisterous required each boat to have more outriggers than are generally allowed. The Cassidy, by some mismanagement, got many yards start of her competitor, and maintained it during the entire race. On passing South Camden, the Hill began slowly to gain on the Cassidy, but for some reason did not continue in the "good work," and therefore soon fell back, and the gap began to widen in favor of the Cassidy. So it continued until about four miles above the Chester buoy, when something was carried away on the Hill, and she lay with her mainsail down for precisely twenty-two minutes. The Cassidy, of course, taking favorable advantage of this, shot ahead with increased confidence, and rounded the 16 mile buoy at precisely one o'clock. The Hill, following, rounded at 27 minutes of two; when the latter passed the buoy, she shook out the reef in her jib, and put after her competitor with determination, rendered desperate by the idea of having the name "champion" snatched from her. Several times the wind (which was blowing a gale) came near overturning the Hill; she shipped seas almost enough to wash overboard every one in her; she actually buried herself in the waves, bnt all to no purpose; destined was she to lose the race. The Cassidy beat her by 16 minutes, showing that had the home stretch been 25 instead of 16 miles, the Hill would no doubt have been close in front. The stakes were $400, which were handed over to the winner in due form. The Hill was "helmed" by Mr. Wm. Krouse, brother of Mr. Godfrey Krouse, the celebrated "yachter;" the Cassidy by Mr. Jacob Collier. I am indebted to Messrs. Abel, Weaver, Coleman, and Potts, for kindness. WATTIE RUSHER.

BOAT RACE AT HALIFAX, N. S.—A boat race came off on Tuesday morning, Aug. 26, between Beazely and Glazebrook. The weather was very fine, there was scarcely the faintest breeze, and consequently the water was smooth. The two boats kept close together for the distance of about one hundred yards, when Glazebrook shot ahead, and continued gaining ground until he reached the winning point a long distance ahead of his competitor.

TROTTING AT BOSTON.—On Friday, Aug. 29, there was a trot on the Franklin Course between Billy Morris' grey mare, Lady Morris, George Briggs' buckskin mare, Lady Bonny, and William Woodruff's black horse Bullet, for a purse and stake of $100, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons. Bullet won in three straight heats. Time, 2:52¼; 2:51; 2:50½.

BILLIARDS.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF CALIFORNIA.

LYNCH VS. LITTLE.

Since Mr. Phelan's sojourn in the Golden State, billiards have been in the ascendant, and a tournament has been played, in which the beauties of the game have been more or less demonstrated. Since its conclusion, also, matches have been played between Messrs. Lynch and Little, the acknowledged best players of California, and between whom, as a matter of course, an honest rivalry exists. The results of these games have been briefly given in previous issues of the CLIPPER, but as the game of billiards is popular just now, we give a more detailed account, with the tables of counts, for the sake of having them on record, as we find them recorded in the San Francisco *Spirit of the Times* of July 19, and August 2 and 9.

THE FIRST MATCH, PLAYED JULY 12.

The first match between Messrs. Daniel Lynch and Joseph H. Little, came off at Tucker's Academy of Music, on Saturday evening, July 12, in the presence of about five hundred spectators, of whom a few were ladies, in pursuance of the annexed articles of agreement:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 27th, 1862.

"Mr. Carriere bets Mr. Shear five hundred dollars that Mr. Dan Lynch beats Mr. Jo Little, a four ball carom game of billiards, on a Phelan carom table, with 2⅜ balls, 1,000 points, to be played in a public hall on the 12th day of July next, one-half forfeit now in the hands of Mr. Lawton, the balance to be put up the day of the match; each party to choose a judge, and they to choose an umpire, the decision of the majority to be final.

G. H. CARRIERE,
WM. SHEAR."

The hall was nicely lighted, the lower floor, where the billiard table stood, being sprinkled with sawdust, and a double row of seats for the "ring" forming a hollow square. Almost all the casual spectators were in the gallery, whence the view was splendid, while the seats on the stage were occupied mostly by those who were inclined to back their respective opinions as to the relative merits of the contestants. The match was announced to commence at eight o'clock, but on entering the room, we found Mr. Lynch chatting near the billiard table with some of his friends. He saluted us with his wonted cordiality of manner, and, on our inquiring when the match would begin, replied that Mr. Little would be there in a minute. Looking around us, we espied Mr. Michael Phelan in conversation with Mr. Maher, of the Metropolitan tables, while Harry Eaton and Mr. Carriere were discoursing apart by themselves. Mr. George Grimes, our best amateur player, was there, and so was every man who plays the fascinating game.

At a quarter past eight, Mr. Little entered the room with a stack of cues in his hand, and shook hands with his friends and Mr. Lynch. And here we wish to say something in relation to the feelings existing between these two gentlemen. We have known them both intimately for the last eight years, and can safely say that, until Mr. Little opened the Chrysopolis billiard rooms, he and and Mr. Lynch were like Damon (we don't mean the Frenchman whom Phelan beat in the three-ball match) and Pythias. When Mr. Little got fairly started, it was a fair supposition that there would be considerable rivalry, as both his establishment and Mr. Lynch's were gotten up regardless of expense, the tables, balls, and cues being made the *quid pro quo*, instead of decorating the walls with pictures of nude women, and leaving the paraphernalia of the game in unfit order for a backwoods doggery. We regret to be obliged to speak so forcibly as to the way some of our fashionable saloons are kept, but until Lynch and Little got into the billiard saloon business, good cues, round balls, and level tables were a rarity. As we have said before, the spirit of emulation was very strong between the rival candidates for the patronage of the lovers of the game, but all would have gone well enough but for the meddlings of busybodies who affected friendship to both gentlemen. Meddler goes to Little's and plays a game at discount with "Joe," who beats him. Meddler says, "Joe, I believe you can beat Lynch as far as Sampson could throw a rock." "Well, I'll try to beat him," says Mr. Little. "If I ever play him a match, I'll do a game, with my back up and straps down." This is enough for Meddler, who takes his leave and goes to Lynch's, where he finds that gentleman leathering a stack of cues. "Dan," says Meddler, "your friend Joe Little has cheek enough for a circus saw; he says he can beat you so far in a game of a thousand points, that you'd have to hire a buggy and horse to get back here again." "Well," laughs Dan, "if he can beat me, he can win $500 any time; it's rather heavy." Meddler visits Little the next day, and tells Joe that Dan says he has cheek enough for six rows of teeth, to talk of beating him. In this way the most bitter feelings have been engendered between two very clever gentlemen, and we honestly believe that Mr. Little would rather have had his right hand (he plays left-handed) cut off than have lost the match, while Mr. Lynch felt about the same way. He has been considered the Champion of California ever since May, 1855, when Mr. Phelan left the State to go to New York. The judges, Messrs. Maher, Lum, and Phelan, the latter "Chief" acting as referee, called for play at twenty minutes past eight, and the contestants came forward for the encounter, Mr. Lynch having removed his coat, cravat, and collar, while his antagonist laid aside his coat just as he would to play a game for amusement in his saloon. The betting was at even, Mr. Lynch having the call over Mr. Little. A description of the gentlemen may not be amiss.

Daniel Lynch is a native of Louisiana, and may be about forty years of age, although he would readily pass in a crowd for thirty, being about five feet eleven inches high, and very lithe and graceful of figure. He has a good head, with a small face and delicate features, curly-black hair, and crisp moustache, black eyes, and a thoughtful, if not care-worn, expression of countenance. Mr. Lynch began playing billiards when about thirteen years of age, since which time he has been more or less a prominent advocate and champion of its beneficial effects upon the body and mind. In New Orleans, where he was brought up, he was regarded as a crack player, and beat all competitors at the four-ball game, either caroms or full game. He made a trip up the river, and beat a man named Wilber, at Chicago, and then returned home. In 1852, he went to California, and, after a fortnight's sojourn in San Francisco, went to Iowa Hill, Placer county, where he engaged in mining. The pay of his claim was good, but the work was too heavy and the exposure too great for his fragile constitution, and he was laid up with a fit of sickness for about three months. He then came to San Francisco, where he led a sporting life, relying on his Iowa Hill claim to operate upon. In 1854 he played a match with Mr. Thompson, who kept the Polka gambling house, and beat him cleverly, as a match was talked of between him and Mr. Phelan, who was then in the hey-day of his popularity at the Metropolitan Billiard Rooms, but no match was ever consummated, though the gentlemen often played a friendly rubber for the champagne. At this time a man named Tingley kept a billiard saloon on Commercial street, where a game of pin-pool was going on all the time, playing generally for five dollars a ball. Hosmer, Phelan, Lynch, Tobin, Harvey, Waters, Cooke, Little, Leon Jauber and four or five other crack pool players kept the ball going live, but Lynch won more than any of them, and is considered to-day the best pin-pool player in the State. In the summer of 1855 Lynch opened Phelan's old stamping-ground—the Metropolitan Rooms—but did not prove successful. He kept the tables at the Union from May, 1856, to October, 1857, when Barry & Patten opened their new billiard rooms, where Little now keeps, and Lynch took the management of the rooms, vice Stephen Hall, who went to Sacramento. Here Lynch continued until the fall of 1860, when, at the request of Mr. M. E. Hughes, agent for the sale and manufacture of Phelan's Model Tables with Combination Cushions, he made a canvassing tour of the State, playing billiards for pastime, and soliciting orders for billiard tables and fixtures.

Joseph W. Little hails from Brooklyn, Long Island, N. Y., and has known the author of this article by sight for the past sixteen years, although there was never a speaking acquaintance between us until we met in San Francisco in 1854. Mr. Little ranked as a fair amateur player in the saloons of New York and Brooklyn, and was always an ardent lover of the game. He came to California in 1851, and was out of employment for some time after his arrival, till he obtained a clerkship with the flourishing liquor importing house of Stoutenborough & Lambert, with whom he continued up to their dissolution in 1854, when he became a young man about town, playing billiards and pool with anybody that came along. In 1856 he made a visit to his relatives in Brooklyn and returned in January, 1857, with some billiard tables which he put into saloons in Yreka, where he remained up to about a year ago. The only public matches we ever knew him to play were one with Harry Eaton, whom he beat in a hard canter, and one with a man named ——, at Col. Toynbee's Montague Hall rooms in Brooklyn, which he won with ridiculous ease. He is rather stout, being about five feet nine inches high and weighing nearly a hundred and seventy-five pounds. He is of sandy complexion, with regular features, high forehead, blue eyes, and mutton-chop whiskers. He is left-handed, and though not so graceful an attitudinarian as Mr. Lynch, is no less brilliant in execution. He has a slashing style of playing and might be called a rough hitter by some whose touch, like that of Mr. Lynch, who is all grace and elegance, is very sensitive and delicate. The table was one of Phelan & Hughes' make, with piano legs and rosewood case. Mr. Lynch having won the choice of balls, took the black and strung for the choice of lead. Mr. Little won the choice and obliged Mr. Lynch to lead, which he did by playing down into the upper left hand corner. Joe played on him and failed.

The game now went on amid the most breathless excitement, there being nothing to break the sound of the elastic clicking of the ivories, save when on the ninth round Mr. Little made nine points by careful playing, and on the eleventh he made sixty-one. On the seventeenth play Lynch cut loose in fine style, and after masterly nursing made ninety-six; he then had a sure shot in sight which would leave him no run afterwards, so he let go, the game shot but failed. On the twenty-fourth run, Lynch left off in the same wicked style and scored eighty-seven; Joe, not to be outdone in politeness by his dashing opponent, now took up the running and on his twenty-ninth play, scored eighty-six. Nothing of note occurred till the first five hundred was finished, Mr. Lynch playing out his hand and making his score 510, being thirty-three points ahead of his antagonist.

A cessation of hostilities now took place, and the crowd made a surge to the bar, where ten minutes were spent while the balls were "chalked" and the table brushed. Mr. Phelan then called time, and Little came up fresh as a rose, and went off as fine as a raceborse. On the thirty-third play, he got the balls together and made nine points, when the black and dark red balls became "crotched," which was barred by the articles of the match.

Mr. Lynch objected, and after some consultation among the umpires and referee, Mr. Phelan announced the decision that Mr. Little must play on the dark red ball in order to free it from its position. The order was obeyed, and Mr. Little got the balls into advantageous shape, making fifty-two on the run. On the thirty-fifth play he scored sixty-nine, which placed him far in the lead. On his forty-eighth play, Mr. Little being still ahead, Mr. Lynch ran forty-five, and then came a comparative lull, neither making anything of note, till on the fifty-fourth round, as Mr. Little's ball was coming down the table heading direct for the dark red, it was met by the object ball and kissed on to Mr. Lynch's, thus making a most ghastly "scratch," which was of great service to him, for he had made only fourteen points up to the time of the accident. Now he came along at a terrible pace, and ran the enormous string of one hundred and thirty-six, which at that stage of the game was absolutely *everything*. All of Mr. Lynch's friends now felt that his chances were gone, for Little's game stood 970, while that of Lynch was 805, and even the bold Louisianian himself was deadly pale. But he rallied gloriously, and by some of the most exquisite execution we ever beheld, amassed forty-five, and had a dead certain count, to all appearance. But as his ball passed into the corner and seemed certain to count, it tangled in the crotch, and passed along the end cushion to the other side of the table. Little went in to finish now, and, having his antagonist completely at his mercy, ran the balance of thirty points, winning the game in fifty-five plays by one hundred and fifty points, amid loud cheering. The following is the score, as kept by Mr. Butler, Mr. J. B. Fitch being the game marker:—

LITTLE. Shot.Count.Total.	LYNCH. Count. Total.	LITTLE. Shot.Count. Total.	LYNCH. Count. Total.
1.. 0.... 0	0.... 0	29.. 4.... 474	5....498
2.. 9.... 9	23.... 23	30.. 2.... 476	12....510
3..17.... 26	18.... 41	31.. 39.... 515	0....510
4.. 9.... 35	6.... 47	32.. 5.... 520	12....522
5..11.... 46	15.... 62	33.. 52.... 572	0....522
6.. 0.... 46	23.... 85	34.. 7.... 579	12....534
7..30.... 76	11.... 96	35.. 69.... 648	39....573
8.. 2.... 78	7....103	36.. 0.... 648	9....582
9..60....138	19....122	37.. 2.... 650	0....582
10..20....158	2....124	38.. 2.... 652	0....582
11..61....219	35....159	39.. 0.... 652	43....625
12..13....232	0....159	40.. 2.... 654	18....643
13.. 7....239	10....169	41.. 0.... 654	2....645
14.. 0....239	5....174	42.. 4.... 658	15....660
15.. 0....239	13....187	43.. 0.... 658	7....667
16..10....249	30....217	44.. 36.... 694	4....671
17..15....264	96....313	45.. 14.... 708	8....679
18..56....320	2....315	46.. 30.... 738	14....693
19.. 8....328	38....353	47.. 5.... 743	2....695
20.. 0....328	2....355	48.. 17.... 760	45....740
21.. 0....328	0....355	49.. 14.... 774	17....757
22..12....340	6....361	50.. 31.... 805	0....757
23.. 9....349	7....368	51.. 2.... 807	9....766
24..18....367	87....455	52.. 18.... 825	25....791
25..86....453	5....460	53.. 11.... 836	14....805
26.. 8....461	17....477	54..136.... 972	45....850
27.. 2....463	0....477	55.. 30....1002	
28.. 7....470	16....493		

There is no denying that the fortunate scratch alluded to did much to win the game for Mr. Little, but he seemed to be able to play away from his antagonist all through the last half of the game. It is a doubt in our mind if Mr. Lynch can ever beat him in any game where the powers of endurance are brought into play. But we must not forget that the "retrograde" forcing shot with which Mr. Little began his great run of 136, was masterly in the highest degree and evinced a coolness of nerve and firmness of hand not to be surpassed. For that matter the execution of both gentlemen was exquisite, and the only regret we feel is that both could not win.

THE SECOND MATCH PLAYED JULY 31.

The evidence of the interest which is taken in the graceful, healthful and invigorating game of billiards, was demonstrated very fully at the match game for the Championship, which took place on Thursday night, July 31, at Tucker's Academy of Music, between Joseph W. Little and Daniel Lynch. At least five hundred persons must have been present, including a majority of the best *amateur* players in the city and those who admire and love the game, and who, from the time the first shot was made until the close of the game, watched unceasingly. It will be recollected that the same players had a contest in the same room on the 12th of July—1000 points up, for $500. This game was won by Mr. Little on the 55th run, he scoring 1002 points to Mr. Lynch's 850. When this match was ended, considerable was said in regard to the luck attending Mr. Little throughout the game, it having been stated that a fortunate scratch gave him an advantage over his opponent.

Both men having their personal friends, considerable discussion ensued thereupon, and the result was that another match was made on the same conditions as to the number of points to be played and the amount of stake money, with the addition that the result of the game should be for the Championship of the Pacific Coast. This match was made to take place on Saturday night last, but in consequence of Platt's Hall and Tucker's Academy of Music both being engaged, it was postponed until Thursday night last. A great deal of money was staked on the result by parties on the outside, and as a matter of course, the intensest interest was manifested. The room was arranged as before, a ring being formed, around which the audience sat, the table being in the centre, although the galleries and the stage presented quite a respectable gathering of lookers-on. The judges of the game were Messrs. Thomas Toynbee and M. Dillon, and Mr. Phelan acted as umpire. The score was kept by Messrs. Geo. Phelan and M. F. Butler, and Mr. George Waters performed the arduous duty of marker. At the commencement of the game Mr. Little said he would like to put up $200 on the result, one half of which was immediately covered by Mr. Lynch. The other $100 was safely stowed away in a corner waiting to be taken. At fifteen minutes past 8 o'clock, Mr. Little having secured the black ball and the first play, the game then commenced in earnest, as the following score will show:—

LITTLE. Shot.Count.Total.	LYNCH. Count. Total.	LITTLE. Shot.Count.Total.	LYNCH. Count. Total.
1.. 9.... 9	3.... 3	39..10.... 412	49....468
2..16.... 25	66.... 69	40..45.... 457	12....480
3.. 4.... 29	12.... 81	41.. 7.... 464	3....483
4..12.... 41	0.... 81	42.. 0.... 464	17....500
5..12.... 53	34....115	43.. 0.... 464	0....500
6..55....108	13....128	44.. 3.... 467	0....500
7..11....119	17....145	45..16.... 483	9....509
8.. 0....119	12....157	46.. 2.... 485	2....511
9.. 5....124	0....157	47.. 3.... 488	2....513
10.. 4....128	45....202	48..34.... 522	9....522
11..18....146	12....214	49..18.... 540	99....621
12.. 9....155	5....219	50..56.... 596	0....621
13.. 6....161	2....221	51.. 0.... 596	0....621
14.. 0....161	7....228	52.. 2.... 598	2....623
15..23....184	4....232	53.. 0.... 598	0....623
16.. 0....184	3....235	54..14.... 612	7....630
17.. 0....184	17....252	55.. 0.... 612	0....630
18..21....205	2....254	56.. 2.... 614	72....702
19..10....215	2....256	57.112.... 726	3....705
20.. 2....217	0....256	58..27.... 753	10....715
21..54....271	19....275	59.. 2.... 755	5....720
22.. 0....271	3....278	60..11.... 766	0....720
23..25....296	2....280	61..13.... 779	0....720
24..18....314	0....280	62.. 9.... 788	0....720
25..13....327	17....297	63..19.... 807	73....793
26.. 6....333	0....297	64.. 2.... 809	116....909
27.. 2....335	10....307	65.. 0.... 809	14....923
28..10....345	25....332	66..29.... 838	0....923
29.. 5....350	17....349	67.. 0.. 838	0....923
30.. 0....350	0....349	68.. 2.... 840	27....950
31.. 0....350	12....361	69..52.... 892	0....950
32.. 5....355	12....373	70.. 0.... 892	0....950
33..14....369	3....376	71.. 9.... 901	0....950
34.. 8....377	4....380	72.. 0.... 901	13....963
35.. 9....386	7....387	73..43.... 944	2....965
36.. 2....388	6....393	74..15.... 959	32....997
37.. 9....397	5....398	75..41....1000	
38.. 5....402	21....419		

Both men played to win from the moment the cues were handled. They watched each other as a hunter eyes his game—ready to bag it at the very first opportunity—and throughout, it was the most closely contested match ever played in California, and we doubt if it has ever been excelled in any other State. On the 6th shot, Little lost the leather off his cue, he having made a run of 55, and was in the act of making a succeeding shot. To any other player but Little, such an accident would have had a dangerous effect—because a man hates to give up the cue he commences a game of billiards with—it surrounds it with a sort of aroma of ill luck. But Little took it as a matter of course, and although disappointed, he was not disconcerted; and here, in our judgment, is where he has a superior advantage over his antagonist. Little is much cooler, and often forgets, apparently, that he has missed a shot, whereas, on the other side, Mr. Lynch, under the same circumstances, evinces considerable nervousness and care. It may truly be said that a game of billiards is never out until played out; and so the players we speak of discovered. While Mr. Little possesses the advantage we speak of over Mr. Lynch, the latter is fortunate in being able to force the balls together, and nurse them to a most creditable account to his side of the score. This he does by a series of easy and beautiful shots, which, at times, the inexperienced watch with breathlesss silence, fearing that the force applied will not be requisite to make the shot. Mr. Lynch made some extraordinary beautiful playing on Thursday night, which (although not securing the prize) stamps him as an elegant player. Mr. Little, to us, did not seem to play with that success which marked his game of July 12th; many of his counts were made by the hardest work, and it appeared to be a very difficult matter for him to get the balls together. The balls broke very badly for him; and a number of remarkable misses characterised the play of both gentlemen.

At half-past 10 o'clock, Little having scored 464 and Lynch 500, a recess of fifteen minutes was taken to give the players an opportunity to rest, and their friends a chance to compare notes and the chances of the players they favored. At a quarter to 11 o'clock the playing was resumed, Little doing the principal part of the playing until the 49th round, when Lynch, by a succession of splendid plays, scored 99. Little then went after him, and marked up 56 points, missing a very difficult shot by about the breadth of a hair. On the 56th run, Lynch made 72 points, and, so as not to let him get too far ahead, Little made a run of 112 points, placing himself 21 points ahead of Lynch, whereas prior to that, Lynch was 88 points ahead. On the 64th run, Mr. Lynch made the largest score of the evening, scoring 116 points, and from this to the close of the playing there was the most complete and breathless silence throughout the room. Lynch was just one hundred points ahead, and on the 65th run, Little did not make a count, and on the same, Mr. Lynch scored 14 points, thus increasing the distance between himself and antagonist. On the 66th run, Little made 29 points, and on the 68th, Mr. Lynch made 27, there being 110 points between them. Little, however, did not appear to mind it, and on the 69th run made 52 points. The friends of Little, however, did not appear to have much confidence at this stage of the game; but on the 74th run, had but 3 points to make, and Lynch had scored 32, when he slipped up, and Little made a run of 41 points, scoring just 1000 points to 997 for Lynch.

At the termination of the game, vociferous cheering was the natural consequence, and Mr. Little received the congratulations of his friends. Mr. Lynch, however, nothing daunted, offered to play Mr. Little in his own billiard saloon, and would bet $500 to $450 that he could beat him (Little) immediately, or would play him the same game over for $2,500 on the succeeding night. This offer, of course, Mr. Little did not entertain at that time. Thus ended a most exciting contest—one which will long be remembered by those who had the pleasure of witnessing it.

THE THIRD MATCH, PLAYED AUGUST 2.

The closeness of the above game gave the backers of Lynch reason to believe that he could beat his opponent, and consequently a banter was made to play another game of 1,000 points, for $2,000 ($1,000 a side). This was accepted by Mr. Little, and the match was made to come off on Saturday evening, Aug. 2, at the same place—Tucker's Academy—for the money, and not for the championship. The number that assembled to witness this match was greater than we have ever seen before at a billiard entertainment in this city; every available seat on the floor and in the galleries being occupied. The judges were W. H. Lum and —— Maher; Mr. Phelan acting as Umpire. The score was kept by Messrs. Geo. Phelan and M. F. Butler, and the game was marked by Mr. Geo. Waters. Prior to the commencement of the play, Mr. Phelan, acting on the suggestions contained in the last issue of this paper, rose, and requested the audience not to applaud any of the shots that were made, as it annoyed the players, and it was at their earnest request that no such favor should be shown; he also asked that there be no loud talking during the match; both of which reasonable requests, we are glad to say, were complied with. The playing commenced at twenty minutes past eight o'clock, and concluded in the neighborhood of 1 A. M., there being a short recess after the first 500 points were played, which took place about half-past 10 o'clock. From a glance at the score, we are forced to the conclusion that the game does not add much lustre to the abilities of either gentleman engaged. Little started out by making three misses, and Lynch only made forty points in the same number of runs. On the fourth run Little made fifty-four points, and until the twentieth run, when he made sixty-four points, his playing was very indifferent; and from that point in the game until the close, Little played with no effect whatever; giving the clearest proof that he was in no condition for the work he had to do. The best run of the game was made by Lynch, in the thirty-third run, when he scored 104 points, and this was done by nursing the two reds. The average number of points made on each run was a trifle over nine. During the game Little made thirty-two misses, and Lynch made twenty-four, and it required 103 runs to make the game. So far as the sport is concerned, we must say we regret the match just reported was made. In the first place all the games heretofore played have been perfectly fair and honest. This game whs played forty-eight hours after the championship was decided, and the loser on that occasion was the winner of the present, fairly and squarely too; but should another game be played and Little again prove the winner, it would immediately be said that the thing was pre-arranged. All these matters are, plainly speaking, run into the ground; and it would have been far better for all concerned, if, after the championship game had been decided, there had been a cessation of hostilities for at least ten days or two weeks. We hear it stated that the friends of Mr. Little are willing to back their favorite to the amount of $5,000, and at the shortest notice, which we trust will not be less than two weeks. The score:—

LITTLE. Shot.Count.Total.	LYNCH. Count. Total.	LITTLE. Shot.Count.Total.	LYNCH. Count. Total.
1.. 0.... 0	7.... 7	53.. 8....419	8.... 536
2.. 0.... 0	0.... 7	54.. 0....419	0.... 536
3.. 0.... 0	33.... 40	55.. 0....419	48.... 584
4..54.... 54	7.... 47	56.. 4....423	2.... 586
5..11.... 65	21.... 68	57.. 2....425	25.... 611
6.. 0.... 65	0.... 68	58..29....454	3.... 614
7.. 4.... 69	0.... 68	59..24....478	5.... 619
8..13.... 82	1.... 69	60.. 0....478	10.... 629
9..14.... 96	0.... 69	61.. 9....487	1.... 630
10.. 3.... 99	14.... 83	62.. 0....487	0.... 630
11..26....125	3.... 86	63.. 2....489	44.... 674
12.. 0....125	7.... 93	64.. 0....489	12.... 686
13..13....138	1.... 94	65.. 3....492	10.... 696
14.. 0....138	40....134	66.. 0....492	13.... 709
15.. 8....146	2....136	67.. 2....494	6.... 715
16.. 3....149	12....148	68.. 5....499	4.... 719
17.. 0....149	0....148	69.. 0....499	21.... 740
18.. 2....151	0....148	70.. 2....501	3.... 743
19.. 2....153	11....159	71..18....519	7.... 750
20..64....217	0....159	72.. 3....522	3.... 753
21.. 0....217	0....159	73.. 0....522	10.... 763
22.. 0....217	3....162	74.. 0....522	49.... 812
23.. 0....217	9....171	75.. 0....522	9.... 821
24.. 5....222	3....174	76..14....536	11.... 832
25..14....236	14....188	77..62....598	0.... 832
26.. 3....239	5....193	78.. 2....600	17.... 849
27..10....249	14....207	79..11....611	0.... 849
28.. 4....253	3....210	80.. 2....613	1.... 850
29.. 0....253	3....213	81..40....653	7.... 857
30.. 0....253	8....221	82..19....672	8.... 865
31.. 6....259	7....228	83..36....708	5.... 870
32..30....289	0....228	84.. 0....708	5.... 875
33..36....325	104....332	85.. 0....708	0.... 875
34.. 2....327	17....349	86.. 2....710	0.... 875
35.. 5....332	17....366	87..26....736	0.... 875
36.. 3....335	5....371	88.. 0....736	6.... 881
37..17....352	25....396	89..11....747	3.... 884
38.. 3....355	7....403	90..36....783	5.... 889
39.. 0....355	12....415	91.. 8....791	24.... 913
40.. 8....363	19....434	92.. 6....797	0.... 913
41.. 0....363	2....436	93.. 3....800	14.... 927
42.. 0....363	0....436	94.. 4....804	29.... 956
43.. 4....367	28....464	95..14....818	16.... 972
44.. 0....367	12....476	96.. 4....822	4.... 976
45.. 3....370	0....476	97.. 3....825	5.... 981
46.. 3....373	25....501	98.. 0....825	0.... 981
47.. 8....381	0....501	99.. 3....828	0.... 981
48.. 7....388	0....501	100..17....845	0.... 981
49.. 6....394	22....523	101.. 0....845	0.... 981
50..12....406	0....523	102.. 0....845	15.... 996
51.. 0....406	5....528	103.. 7....852	5....1001
52.. 5....411	0....528		

BALL PLAY.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

ATLANTIC VS. ECKFORD.

The third match of the home and home series for the Championship and the Silver Ball, will positively take place on the Union Ball Grounds, Brooklyn, on Friday, Sept. 19th, at 3 P. M. The Eckford and Atlantic nines will be composed of the following players:—

Positions.	Atlantic.	Eckford.
Catcher	Pearce	Beach.
Pitcher	M. O'Brien	Sprague.
1st base	Start	Reach.
2d base	John Oliver	Wood.
3d base	Smith	Mills.
Short stop	P. O'Brien	Devyr.
Left field	Chapman	Manolt
Centre field	Crane	Burr.
Right field	Joe Oliver	Campbell.
Substitutes	Massy, F. Seinsoth	Spence, McKinstry.

A PLUCKY BALL PLAYER.—There is true mettle in our ball players and no mistake, and never has it been more forcibly displayed than by those of the ball playing fraternity who have so patriotically taken up arms in defence of the "old flag." An instance of this occurred on board the Baltic, shortly after she had struck on the sand bank. When the schooners, that had been drawn to the Baltic by the signals of distress, had approached as near as it was safe to do, it became necessary to attach hawsers from the steamer to the schooners. This was a perilous undertaking and volunteers were called for to enter the first boat. Richard Weddle of the Enterprise Club, and Corporal in Company B, at once stepped forward, and was the first to enter the boat, and after the hawser had been attached, he captained each boat load to the schooner and back, being assisted by a member of Co. F and one of the sailors of the ship. He had but his pants and shirt on and of course was soon wet through, but for four hours he continued to render all the aid in his power, and only rested when there was no further need of his services, and after that, was at work all night assisting to throw overboard the coal with others of the 13th. This is but an instance of many that we could cite of the indomitable courage and determined energy of our ball players in cases of emergency. Time will show that the ball ground affords an admirable school for drawing out the inherent manliness of our youths and for that reason alone, if nothing else, our national game should be fostered.

RESOLUTE VS STAR.—A lively and well contested match was played between these clubs on Saturday, September 6th, on the Star grounds, South Brooklyn, the occasion being the return game of the series of home and home matches, the first of which was played on the Resolute grounds, in July last. The result was the success of the Star club, as before, but this time they had a tougher fight of it than on the previous match. Both clubs were strongly represented, each having received returned members from the recently arrived militia regiments, the Stars getting Kelly from the 13th, and the Resolutes Taylor and A. Rogers from the 47th. The Stars missed the services of Snediker as short stop, and the Resolutes those of Bliss, their first baseman, the former playing with eight men until the 5th innings, when Chappell went on in Snediker's place, Thompson, who was also absent in the first innings, playing as short stop. The game did not begin until near 4 P. M., and then it was opened by both parties putting each other out in good style for blank scores, the prospect of a fine contest being favorable. In the 2d innings, however, the Stars did some of their tallest kind of batting, and scored nine runs, all but Henry securing runs, Morris and Chilton each getting 2. Morris led off with a home run, from a splendid hit to left field, and Kelly followed suit with another from an equally fine hit to right field, and Waddle also secured one from a good grounder to centre field. They followed this up by again putting out the Resolutes for nothing, and in the 3d innings added 6 more runs to their score, to one on the part of their adversaries, the total score at the close of the third being 14 to 1. At this period of the game affairs looked rather one sided, and most nines would have lost all hope of the game, but not so the Resolutes. They knew that the Stars had beaten their old rivals, the Constellations, the previous fortnight, by a score of 34 to 4, and they were determined that it should not be repeated with their nine, and so went on playing a good up-hill game, and met their reward in so doing by achieving a success that entirely offset the ultimate defeat they sustained, inasmuch as they scored 15 runs in the last six innings to 8 on the part of the Stars, the lead the latter obtained in the 2d innings alone, giving them the game. Had the Resolute's nine been placed in the first innings as it was in the 4th and following innings, their opponents would not have done as well as they did.

On the part of the Stars, Morris played behind capitally, catching in tip-top style, and throwing well to bases. Chilton pitched well also in all but the last innings, when his opponents began to hit him easier than before. Kelly tried his hand at pitching in the 7th innings, but he did not trouble his opponents as much as he generally does, as they scored 4 runs in that innings. He is more regular than before. The bases were splendidly played by Waddell, Galpin, and Mitchell, Galpin especially doing efficient service at 2d base. Morris took one fly tip in fine style out of three that he made, and Mitchell a lucky foul bound. Henry also made one good catch on the bound. But the chief work lay between the 1st and 2d basemen, Waddell putting out 8 players at 1st and 2d on the fly, and Galpin 3 players at 2d and two from catches. Thompson marked his fielding with a good bound catch. Chilton also is credited with a well-taken ball on the fly. In batting, Galpin led the score of the match, Morris being second, both getting home runs. Chilton, Mitchell and Waddell also batted well for their scores, the latter getting a home run.

On the Resolute side, McCutcheon's excellent fielding at short-stop was especially noticeable; he also took three balls on the fly in capital style, and M. Rogers took 4, besides putting out two players at 2d and one on the bound. Cowperthwait marked his play with the prettiest fly catch of the match, and A. Rogers while playing behind, which he did better than his predecessors, took several foul balls very creditably. One ball that he caught as it bounded from the club house, before it had touched the ground, was objected to as being against the rules of the ground, but the umpire correctly decided it to be a fair catch, as it was, no rules at all being applicable in making it otherwise. Had the ball first struck the ground, and then been caught, as it rebounded from the house, why then the question of its being a rule of the ground, or not, could have been brought in; but as it was, it was a fair bound. Rogers' catch anyway put out 7 players on tips. The pitching of Taylor was effective, but he lacks command of the ball in delivery, being altogether too anxious to obtain speed. Stanton put out five players at first base well, and Allen one on the bound while at 3d base, which he played well, as did Creagh while there. In batting, Wilson—who was quite active on the field—took the lead, getting a home run from a good hit to right field, A. Rogers making the next best score. Taylor was very unlucky, being finely put out at 1st base no less than four times, though he batted well. Cowperthwait also batted very well for his score, as did nearly all the nine.

F. Crane of the Atlantic acted as umpire, it being his *debut* in the position, and we have seldom seen so many close points so ably and impartially decided upon, as in this match. He certainly discharged the duties most creditably throughout. We should like to see the Resolutes and Constellations have a game together. The latter need to do something to redeem their previous ordinary play this season. The score is as follows:—

BATTING.

STAR.	H.L.	RUNS.	RESOLUTE.	H.L.	RUNS.
Waddell, 1st b	4	3	Taylor, p	6	0
Chappell, c f	2	0	M. Rogers, l f	3	2
Galpin, 2d b	1	5	A. Rogers, 2d b	2	3
Henry, r f	5	0	Allen, c	3	2
Morris, c	2	4	Wilson, r f	2	3
Chilton, p	3	3	McCutcheon, s s	3	1
Thompson, s s	4	2	Creagh, 3d b	3	2
Kelly, l f	4	2	Stanton, 1st b	4	1
Mitchell, 3d b	2	3	Cowperthwaite, c f	1	2
Total		22	Total		16

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Star	0	9	5	1	0	0	1	2	4—22
Resolute	0	0	1	2	1	3	4	0	5—16

Umpire—F. Crane, of the Atlantic club.

Passed balls—Morris, 7; Mitchell, 2; Allen, 3; Taylor, 7; A. Rogers, 6.

Home runs—Wilson, 1; Waddell, 1; Morris, 1; Kelly, 1; Galpin, 1.

Struck out—Thompson, 2.

Fly catches missed—Allen, 2; Morris, 2; Taylor, 1.

Bound catches missed—Henry, 1; Waddell, 1; Morris, 1; Taylor, 1; A. Rogers, 1.

Left on bases—Henry, 1; McCutcheon, 2; Cowperthwaite, 1; Mitchell, 1.

Put out at home base—Creagh by Morris.

Fly catches made—M. Rogers, 4; McCutcheon, 3; A. Rogers, 2; Cowperthwaite, 1; Galpin, 1; Morris, 3; Waddell, 2; Chilton, 1.

Time of game—2 hours and 40 minutes.

Put out on foul balls—Resolutes, 7 times; Stars, 7 times.

HENRY ECKFORD VS. JEFFERSON.—These clubs played their home and home match on the Gotham's ground, on Tuesday, Sept. 2d, the result being a victory for the Henry Eckfords by a score of 31 to 27. Neither party had out their strength on the occasion, but the Jeffersons had about the weakest first nine they have yet presented, in fact, it was nearly the same as their second nine in the late Eagle match. They played well, however, and creditably strove for victory, barring a little loose fielding in one or more of the innings, both sides being chargeable with errors in this respect. In batting, however, they all did well, that of the Jeffersons in the 6th and 7th innings being first-rate. Of those who acquitted themselves well in their position, we would name Patterson, Foster, and Dr. Bell, on the Eckford side, and Springsteen, Devoe, and Tyson, on the Jefferson. The others, too, did well in one or two of the innings played, but all were guilty of errors at times, the fielding on both sides being alternately bad and good. The contest was marked with great good humor throughout, the Jeffersons taking their defeat very kindly indeed. In fact they did better than they expected with the team they had. The umpire's duties were satisfactorily discharged, and the game passed off pleasantly to all. The score gives the particulars:—

BATTING.

HENRY ECKFORD.	H. L.	RUNS.	JEFFERSON.	H. L.	RUNS.
H Brown, 1st b	4	3	Raymond, s s	4	2
Patterson, c	2	5	Murray, c f	1	5
Dr Bell, p	3	4	Springsteen, 2d b	2	3
Withey, l f	0	5	Devoe, 3d b	3	3
Snow, c f	3	4	Evans, 1st b	2	4
Marlow, r f	3	4	Reed, r f	3	3
T Dalton, 3d b	2	3	Totten, p	3	3
Foster, 2d b	4	1	Paul, c	3	2
Deitz, s s	3	2	Tyson, l f	3	2
Total		31	Total		27

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Henry Eckford	6	9	5	0	4	0	4	3	—31
Jefferson	5	4	3	0	0	8	6	1	—27

Passed balls—Patterson, 3; T Dalton, 1.

Home runs—Reed, 1; Patterson, 2; T Dalton, 1; Deitz, 1.

Fly catches missed—Reed, 1; Tyson, 2; Paul, 1; Patterson, 1; Deitz, 2; Brown, 1.

Put out at home base—Paul, by Patterson; also by Dr Bell.

Fly catches made—Deitz, 2; Patterson, 3; T Dalton, 1.

Time of game—3 hours.

Put out on foul balls—H Eckford, 2 times; Jefferson, 6 times.

Umpire—Mr. Wilson, of the Alpine.

CRICKET.

NEW YORK CLUB VS MASSACHUSETTS.

Seldom has a merrier party left New York than the members and friends of the former club, who took their departure on the steamer City of Boston, of the Norwich and Boston line, on Tuesday, Aug. 5, to the managers of which they are under obligations for liberality, and to the steward and employees for kind attentions in their special departments.

The New Yorkers were met at the depot, in Boston, by a deputation, headed by that whole-souled fellow Frank Crockett, who marshalled them to the Bromfield House, where they made every arrangement for the comfort of the party. After partaking of a substantial breakfast, they wended their way to the ground at East Cambridge, where a good wicket was pitched by the umpires. The other part of the ground was very rough. We hope the victory gained by them in this match will give an impetus to the game, and enable them to get a fresh one for next season, and, from all the indications we have witnessed, we have no doubt that such will be the case.

The game commenced at eleven o'clock, the New Yorkers sending their opponents to the wickets, Burgess and Alline handling the willow, Bailliere and Crossley the leather. The two bats began well, Crossley nailing the former after scoring a well got seven. Alline maintained his wicket until the last man joined him, when Crossley found his way to his wicket, having been in two hours for sixteen runs, showing a good defence and excellent off hitting. We would recommend him to practice leg hitting, then he will make a fine player. The telegraph showed for this innings 55 runs. After lunch, New York sent in Sharp and Hudson to the bowling of Martin and O'Brien. The bats commenced lively, but Sharp soon cut short his career by hitting the ball on his own wicket. Hudson, Crossley, and Byron played exceedingly well; but the bowling was so brilliant that large scores were out of the question. The innings closed for 64 runs, being nine more than their opponents.

The second innings of the Massachusetts eleven commenced by sending in Alline and Robinson. Neither scored a run, which looked very unfavorable for them; but Perkins and Fletcher made a stand for a while, and with the assistance of Joselyn and Burgess put on a score of 53, with the loss of six wickets, when the stumps were drawn, leaving Draper and Roddick in.

On Thursday morning play was resumed, but the first ball from Bailliere sent Roddick back to the tent, after which Draper warmed up and played a good plucky innings of 22, which came in very serviceable to his side. O'Brien made 11, when the innings closed for 83, leaving the New Yorkers 75 to get to win.

They commenced by sending in Sharp and Hudson; the latter fine bat was caught after scoring 4 only, which gave great confidence to the other side, for the wickets fell pretty fast.

It appeared as if the New Yorkers would have no show, as 5 wickets were got for 14 runs, but Byron got a hold, and Steward a well-got 7; when Crossley joined Byron, who was playing a fine, steady game, but soon after gave a chance at point, which was taken, after scoring 14 from brilliant bowling, the field ably seconding the efforts of the bowlers. Higham, with Crossley, brought the game to a very interesting stage, only wanting 23 runs to win, with three wickets to fall. These two seemed to defy the fast, straight ones of both Martin and O'Brien, and the hopes of the New Yorkers began to rise, when Crossley run himself out in the most absurd manner possible. At once the Massachusetts stock took an upward tendency. Parkins joined Higham, who played with great judgment, getting runs that brought the excitement to fever heat. Parkins played a ball into Robinson's hands, which that gentleman determined to hold, having done the same for Sharp, Hudson, and Byron. Horton, the last man, filled the vacant place. Higham played a ball to cover point, which was beautifully stopped by Burgess, and Horton was run out, through not breaking ground, and the Massachusetts eleven won the match by 9 runs. The fielding of the Massachusetts men was a great improvement upon their previous matches, while the bowling was never surpassed in this country. Mr. Sharp, in presenting the ball, took the opportunity to thank them for the kind manner in which they had been treated, and hoped these annual matches would be continued.

Mr. Frank Crockett, president of the Boston Club, on receiving the ball, said the New Yorkers had won the three previous matches, but now the tables being turned, he hoped it would be the means of these interesting matches being annually played. He assured the New Yorkers that the kindly feelings expressed by his associates were heartily reciprocated by all of them. Three cheers were then proposed and given for the umpires, thus acknowledging the correct manner in which they had performed their onerous duties.

In this match, Steward scored 30 on the Massachusetts side, he being one of the New York eleven in this last game. On August 27th and 28th, 1861, the third contest took place, on the New York grounds at Hoboken, the result being a still greater victory for the New Yorkers, whose score in their first innings exceeded that of their opponents in two by 25 runs. In this match Hudson scored 40 and Wilby 29, Robinson getting a total of 39 on the Massachusetts side. It will be seen that New York lost in this match with one of the best teams that they have presented in any game of the series.

The contest of last week was characterised by a great deal of the right kind of feeling that should exist among all our clubs, and the New Yorkers express themselves as highly gratified with the result of their late visit, not begrudging the loss of the ball to suchworthy opponents, in the least. The following is the score:—

MASSACHUSETTS.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Burgess b Crossley	7	b Wilby	3
Alline b Crossley	16	run out	0
Perkins c Tyler b Crossley	0	c and b Wilby	6
Fletcher b Crossley	3	b Crossley	11
Robinson c Tyler b Bailliere	3	c Tyler b Crossley	0
Draper c Byron b Crossley	1	b Crossley	22
Roddick c Horton b Crossly	2	b Bailliere	0
Florence run out	4	b Crossley	0
Joslyn b Crossley	0	c Bailliere b Wilby	10
O'Brien b Bailliere	3	c Horton b Bailliere	11
Martin not out	0	not out	1
Byes 5, leg byes 3, wides 7	15	Byes 6, wides 8	14
Total	55	Total	83

NEW YORK.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Sharp b O'Brien	5	c Robinson b O'Brien	8
Hudson b Martin	11	c Robinson b Martin	4
Higham b Martin	1	not out	12
Wilby b O'Brien	6	c Crocket b Martin	0
Byron b O'Brien	13	c Robinson b O'Brien	14
Stewart b Martin	7	c Joslyn b Martin	5
Crossley c O'Brien b Martin	13	run out	7
Tyler c Roddick b O'Brien	0	b Martin	0
Horton b O'Brien	0	run out	1
Bailliere not out	0	b O'Brien	2
Parkins run out	0	c Robinson b O'Brien	0
Byes 4, leg bye 1, wides 2	7	Byes 7, leg byes 2, wides 3	12
Total	64	Total	65

Umpires—Messrs. Crockett and Roston.

The first match of the series of annual games between the New York club and all Massachusetts took place on the New York grounds, in the fall of 1859, the result being a victory for New York, whose score exceeded that of their opponents with six wickets to fall. Messrs. Fowler, Lamb, Haigh, Tetley, Hobson, Fidler, and Stead played in this match on the Massachusetts side, in addition to others who were also in this last game; and on the New York side were Rose, Gillespie, Marsh, Bashford, Cuyp, Spivey, and Pearce, who were not in the last contest. The second game was played at Lowell on Sept. 6th and 7th, 1860, New York again winning with 8 wickets to fall.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 175.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Edward Giovannelli, the spirited proprietor of Highbury Barn, Islington, London, was to have his annual benefit this year on the 1st Sept. At his establishment the intrepid Leotard, the daring Female Blondin, the great Mackney, the wonderful Ellisee Brothers, the Elliott Family, Hutchinson's performing dogs, etc., are among the principal attractions. Speaking of the Female Blondin, we may now mention a terrible accident which was not generally made known at first, out of regard to the local interests of Manager Giovannelli, but does no harm in this country. It appears that, on the 12th Aug., shortly after 10, P. M., The Female Blondin ascended one of the stages connected with the rope, which is about 100 feet in height, and by the light of blue fires, and attired in a suit of armor, proceeded on her perilous voyage in mid air. She reached the Eastern stage in safety, and again returned, performing the feet of wheeling the barrow a third time. She crossed the rope covered with a sack, and then commenced her final tour to the starting point, in the midst of fireworks discharged from each end of the balancing pole she carried in her hands. She arrived within about twenty feet of the western stage, when the revolving fireworks at each end of the pole had reached their greatest velocity, and at which moment reports were heard, and stars of various hues were emitted. At this instant it was plainly observable that there was a fearful oscillation of the pole, as well as of the unfortunate performer. A general cry was raised that she was falling, the pole fell from her grasp, and the performer toppled over. for a moment she appeared to cling to the rope either by her feet or hands, but, whether from fright or otherwise, in another second she was seen descending head foremost into the midst of the lofty trees beneath her. The scene of horror and consternation, may well be imagined, and hundreds rushed to the spot where the poor performer lay at the foot of the tree, doubled up and apparently lifeless. Cries for medical aid were raised, and it fortunately happened that there were a number of surgeons, who, as parochial officers of St. Pancras, had been attending the dinner given at Highbury Barn at the close of the day's proceedings. The unfortunate woman was carried to an apartment in the hotel adjoining the theatre, where, upon examination by the medical men, she was found still alive, but her countenance, pulse, and respiration were at once a prediction of very serious injury being sustained. In a short time she was restored to consciousness, and by the direction and under the superintendence of the medical gentlemen, was conveyed to a sleeping apartment, where a more complete examination was attempted to be made, but her sufferings were so acute, that in consultation with her own medical attendant, Mr. King, of Highbury, who had by this time arrived, it was considered advisable to allow her to repose for some hours, carefully watched, and an arrangement was made for an early morning consultation. In the meantime the greatest excitement as to the fate of the unfortunate but intrepid woman prevailed. So much so, that although Leotard's performance had commenced in the great hall, hundreds still remained in the gardens, making earnest inquiries of every one who came out of the building into which she had been conveyed. A second catastrophe was also feared, with regard to Leotard himself. He had gone through a portion of his performance, when some one indiscreetly informed him of what had happened. In an instant he became lividly pale, and became so unnerved that the next bound he made he missed the grasp of the handles of the centre trapeze, but came bounding on to the padded platform on to his feet, amidst the applause of the audience. It is stated that the proprietors had a foreboding that it would be dangerous to ascend the rope in consequence of its wet and slippery condition; but, without success, endeavored to prevail upon the Female Blondin to relinquish her performance. On the morning of the 13th, a consultation of surgeons met at Highbury Barn, and it was discovered that the chief injury to the Female Blondin is fracture of the neck of the femur (thigh bone), but there are others. She was sensible, and at her own request has since been removed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where she was to remain an inmate until some improvement should take place which might justify her removal. Quite a damper on the gay old Highbury Barn.

Miss Elingworth, a young English lady, has made a successful first appearance at the Conservatoire, Brussels.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1862.

MEN, MANNERS AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,

AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN JAMES.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER TWENTY.

BARON NICHOLSON—THE CYDER CELLARS—ORIGIN OF JUDGE AND JURY SOCIETY—THE BARON A VERY HARD CASE.

There are few people interested in sporting matters who have not, at some time or other, read or heard tell of Baron Nicholson, either in connection with race meetings, Corinthian revels and festivals, or as originator of the mock judge and jury trials. Presuming most of you know the Baron by reputation, I will jot down a brief sketch of his checkered career, previous to describing the peculiar and disreputable doings of the Maiden Lane Cyder Cellars.

Renton (he wasn't born a Baron, remember) Nicholson came into the world April 4, 1809, and like most other youngsters, was thought the very model of what an infant should be, while all the neighbors prognosticated for him a great future. His parents died when he was quite young, and the want of a mother's care and advice, no doubt, led him to adopt the "fast" mode of living, for we find that when a mere boy he became intimate with all the actors at Sadler's Wells Theatre, and more particularly with Joe Grimaldi, Barnes, Bologna, Andrew Campbell, W. H. Payne, Charles Westmarth, and Howard Payne, the lessee. Young Nick had another peculiarity, a mania for seeing people hung and beheaded, for they used to make no bones of decapitating traitors in England then, however much they may sympathize and eulogize the same tribe now. At the age of twelve, he apprenticed himself for three years to a Jew clothesman and pawnbroker, in whose delectable society he formed an intimacy with most of the thieves and fallen women of Shadwell—not from a matter of choice, but in the course of business. While in this capacity, he learned more rascality than his ideas could manage without feeling considerable remorse, but there was one amusing incident of common occurrence, that is too good to omit in this letter. When a queer old second-hand jacket, which wouldn't fit anybody, was in stock, the common practice was to pick open the breast of it and place therein four or five farthings, then carefully stitch them over, as if they had been placed there by the previous owner for secresy and safety. Ludicrous indeed were these sales. The sailor, in many instances, or sometimes a broad-backed countryman, the moment his cupidity was aroused by feeling the supposed sovereigns—for who could imagine that farthings would be taken so much care of?—would insist on making the purchase, without any regard to the shape, make, or fit of the garment. To see a big fellow with a boy's jacket, and to watch him go down the nearest court or alley, and witness his eagerness to rip up the lining to get at the concealed treasure, was great fun: then followed the disappointment and anger, which were vehemently vented on the roguish shop-keeper who had so artfully contrived to tempt and profit by the avarice of his customer. I'm not aware whether your Chathamers ever try this dodge or not; but let it be a warning to all "hang-me-down" swells, or those who sport second-hand wearing apparel—for instance, "them five dollar suits," that used to be advertised round Grand and Nassau streets.

When only fifteen, Nicholson, from his precocious progress in life, associated with bruisers, gamblers, nagsmen, social evils, and other characters who lived by their wits. With Crockford, the gambler prince, he was very intimate: Mr. C.'s house, the St. James' Club, boasted of eight hundred members, at a yearly subscription fee of ten guineas, most of whom belonged to the titled nobility, and the way money changed hands there seems more like romance than reality. What would our "gambuliers" say to losing $250,000 in one night, as a Mr. Hughes Ball did in the year 1824? There was one good thing, however, about Crockford's; all stood the same chance of winning, none but members of the club or their friends being admitted. Morning play commenced at four P. M., and continued till seven. The stakes played at that time of the day were from $2,50 (half a sovereign), to $250, or fifty pounds, and the bank put down, $12,000. At eleven, night play began; then the bank was increased to $50,000, and the stakes were unlimited. Crockford employed some forty-two servants, in and out of livery, the head cook alone receiving $6,000 per annum. Besides keeping a gambling saloon, M. C. carried on the business of a wine merchant, and his stock was estimated at the enormous sum of $1,000,000! With a private character above reproach, Crockford's death was universally regretted among the poor around his estate at Newmarket, from his numerous acts of philanthropy and benevolence.

At twenty-one, Nicholson started in business for himself, in the jewelry trade, supplying the frail and fair with costly articles, taking their words and bills for the payment—shallow securities which were never realized. As a natural consequence, he soon became bankrupt, was arrested for debt, imprisoned, and spent the greater part of his after life in the Debtor's Jail, through a streak of ill-luck in everything he undertook. It would occupy too much space to relate his whole history, so the best way will be to mention one or two more incidents, and then to the matter under way, to wit, the Judge and Jury Society.

On June 3, 1837, Baron Nicholson started a weekly publication called *The Town*, devoted to original sketches of gaming houses, free and easies, the prisons, the swell mob, flats and sharps, parish worthies, licensed victuallers, pawnbrokers and their assistants, cigar shops and pretty women, Bow street officers, the doings of courtezans and demireps of quality, etc., with criticisms on actors and theatres, and all places of public amusement. As might be expected, his paper created a great sensation, from its violent and gross attacks on private individuals, something of the *Life in Boston* style, though not quite so bad. Nick's weekly lived about four years, or long enough to give him a reputation, on the strength of which he started, or rather bought out the Garrick's Head Hotel, Bow street, and on March 8, 1841, first established the Judge and Jury Society. After three years, he again became insolvent, had to give up the hotel, and started on a tour with his Judge and Jury, attending all races, where he erected a large tent for the sale of refreshments. In 1851, Mr. N., in conjunction with Messrs. T. B. Simpson and E. T. Smith, veteran theatrical managers, took a lease of the Coal Hole Tavern, but got beat out of his share, and eventually removed to Maiden Lane, where he kept the Cyder Cellars until his death in May, 1860.

I have conversed with scores of literary men as to the merits of this original character, and they all agree on one point—that is, he possessed remarkable genius, and would have been an ornament to the bar, pulpit, or rostrum, had his talents been employed in the proper direction; but his ideas were so low, broad, and vulgar at times, that his most intimate friends felt disgusted with him. Possibly he hadn't a dozen superiors in London at an impromptu speech or poetic sentiment, yet he invariably returned to his vomit, no matter whom he might offend. For example, on the occasion of some admirers of Nat Langham clubbing together and purchasing a magnificent goblet as a token of their regard for Ould Nat, the Baron was appointed to represent the donors in a speech, which I am told was a splendid oration, equal to the best of Kossuth's for pathos and feeling; but how do you suppose he ended? With this repugnant sentiment: Turning to Nat, who was completely overcome with emotion, he shouted out, "Nat, old boy, here's your b—y good health!" Now had this man only used his talents in another direction, he might have left a name behind that all his kindred could feel justly proud of, the more especially as his sphere of action was among the ignorant and lowly to a great extent, and his influence was so great that few could resist his persuasive eloquence. Baron Nicholson knew all the literary, theatrical, judicial, and sporting celebrities of his day, and among the latter he was very popular and in demand, from the fact that he wrote most of their love letters, and transacted all business where the pen was required. Perhaps Mr. Queen may publish his autobiography one of these days, and then you will get a better insight into the Lord Chief Baron's character.

Before committing myself among the over-fastidious, it will be perhaps as well to state that I have made it a rule to see all that is possible, and that comes under legal protection, be it good, bad, or indifferent. It would be great folly to travel from New York to London without seeing the entire animal, so far as sight-seeing is concerned; and particularly so when a person has the necessary amount of nerve to resist all kinds of temptation. It is all the same to me whether I go to Westminster Abbey, Cremorne, or the Cyder Cellars, from having "learned the ropes" long ago, and believing the latter place will be the most interesting, because you can always read about Westminster, my poor efforts shall be aimed at the sayings and doings in Nicholson's Cyder Cellars.

MODEL ARTISTS—THE MOCK TRIAL—THE CYDER CELLARS A HOT-BED OF VICE.

Without a guide you would experience considerable difficulty in finding these so-called Cyder Cellars, although every night, regularly, the Strand is swarmed with overgrown ragamuffins distributing circulars about the concern, and a number of broken-down poets parade the same thoroughfare with immense square transparent hats, on the four sides of which is printed, "Nicholson's Judge and Jury Society, Poses Plastiques, A Trial of Peculiar Interest at half-past nine; Vocal and Instrumental Concert, interspersed with Tableaux Vivants after the theatres." This is the programme night after night and month after month. You will also notice boards placarded to the same effect, with a caricature portrait of some imaginary judge—still, if you are unacquainted with London, all this only tends to confuse rather than help one. The way I found the Cellars out was all by chance, and came about while a party of four were going to Jesse Smith's, a noted pedestrian, and host of the "Proud Peacock," Maiden-lane—to make a match with a couple of runners for £20 a side. It was getting late when we left Jesse's, so one of the crowd proposed that all hands should go down to Old Nicholson's and make a night of it—that is, not go home till morning, to which my silence gave consent. Well, sir, would you believe, it wasn't half a block from Smith's porter house, and I never knew it before? The Cyder Cellars are in Maiden-lane, a short, narrow street, running from Bedford to Southampton-street, and also approached from the Strand by a passage two doors above the Adelphi Theatre, where Ben Webster is gathering a rich harvest, notwithstanding his bosom friend, Boucicault's, secession proclivities, both on and off the stage. Outside is a dirty lamp, labelled "Cyder Cellars;" inside, a dingy bar-room, with a peculiar-looking damsel, hard of hearing, to serve out the quarterns of gin and pots of "fourpenny," as they call a certain kind of ale, to distinguish it from "sixpenny," although I couldn't see the maiden make any difference, whichever was called for. There happened in a couple of the "poses plastiques," or model artists, whom one of us (not me, mind,) knew, and nothing would do but we must drink their healths several times so as to prepare them for the classical entertainment they had to participate in, "Diana and her Nymphs," or something of that sort. It is generally understood that these "ladies" feel insulted if met in the bar-room without being invited to drink. You may thus form an idea how many bottles of sweet gin they consume in a week by the fast sort of individuals who patronize these kind of dens for the honor (?) of drinking out of the same glass as the "models" sip from. Towards nine we explored the Cellars by going down a flight of steps leading off the bar-room; the first individual down below was Miss Nicholson, Baron N.'s only daughter, a large, dark, sensual-looking woman, to whom we handed over the current value of a British recruit, one shilling, for admittance, then passed along a hall, up half a dozen steps, into a moderate sized room, with about two dozen greenhorns inside and the same number of waiters, dressed up as if going to a ball or conversatione; these lackeys didn't give us time to get seated before they rushed over to the tune of "any horders gents," and wouldn't leave till we gave them orders. Like all concert rooms in London, they charge sixpence for a cigar or glass of ale, and expect two or three pence more for themselves; this sort of thing soon makes a hole in a pound if there's half a dozen together, and that's where the laugh don't come in next day, when a person considers how much he's paid for a terrible headache and the blues; whereas, for the same money, a trip to Paris, Havre, Antwerp, or Baden-Baden might easily be taken. Isn't that so, ye men of little faith? Well, after satisfying the waiters we took observations of the concern, resulting in the discovery of a seedy piano, twelve oil paintings of celebrated judicial characters ranged along the walls, a bar tended by a would-be fancy man, numberless printed tickets stating beds could be had on the premises, together with private wine rooms, supper rooms, etc., *pro bono publico;* altogether they make no secret of the character of the place, and when we know it is licensed and encouraged by the British government, why should they play the wolf in sheep's clothing?

The nature of the entertainment is worse, much worse than has ever been publicly advertised or acted upon in New York within my recollection; Madame Wharton's troupe of model artistes, the old Franklin Museum, and such like disreputable exhibitions, were decent places compared with the Cyder Cellars of Maiden Lane, Coal Hole off the Strand, and the Eldorado, of Leicester Square, all three frequented by both sexes with impunity. There's no necessity to describe what "model artistes" are, but if you would see the very worst kind out of Paris itself, just come to London for a month or so.

At half-past nine, after the model artiste show, commences the original, distinct, and peculiar proceedings called the Judge and Jury trial, first introduced by Old Nick, but now common in many parts of England. With an attention to details worthy of a better cause, everything is arranged tip top: on a raised platform in the center, seated in a big arm chair at a desk or pulpit, with gas-jets burning on each side, was the Count—a robust, jovial-looking fellow, not unlike the deceased Baron in many respects, attired in black silk robes, clerical bands, immense frills round his wrists, wig and peruke or tail, gold specs balanced on nose end, with piles of MSS. in front of him, and frequently indulging in snuff as great men are apt to do. On the Count's right were the prosecutor's counsel, on his left the defendant's, in their professional costume, seated at two different tables. Within hearing stood the witness-box, and, bearing his staff of office, the sheriff was there, as dignified as a poker. Previous to calling witnesses, order was insisted on, or delinquents must expect to be committed for contempt of court, but the court might be induced to overlook any indiscretions if the guilty individual would stand the whisky. By this time the Cellar was pretty full, with one-third females, and the fun may be said to have commenced in earnest. The trial selected this night was the Wyndham Lunacy case, giving both counsel and witnesses a rare chance to display their knowledge of smut and filthy ideas. I shouldn't care to repeat their testimony, and certainly never could sit down calmly and put it to paper, so you will take for granted what sort of language is used without feeling any further curiosity about the matter. His Honor first called General Wyndham, which character Mr. H. G. Brooks, the Protean Witness, took off to perfection in his make-up and dignity—he refused to answer one-half the questions, and eventually got so obstreperous that the court committed him for contempt. Next came Mrs. Wyndham, *nee* Agnes Willoughby, personated by a fallen angel, whose testimony was of the most disgusting nature; of course the bloods and compatriots of the original lunatic, Wyndham, were in high glee over this part, coming as it did from a frail woman, and resulted in her afterwards being invited by several to join them over their bottles of champagne. The third and last actor was Wyndham himself, taken off by Little Brooks; here, setting aside the foul and rank expressions, Brooks showed that he possessed mimicking powers of the highest order—what with his vacant stare, slobbering, evasive answers, general appearance, action, and walk, the audience couldn't resist from giving decided tokens of their appreciation, and many grasped him cordially by the hand on retiring from the box. Altogether, the trial occupied about two hours, during which time all the usual formalities of cross-examination, etc., were gone through, with arguments from counsel pro and con, together with the learned Judge's charge to the jury, delivered in the most serious manner possible—in fact, everything is so capitally done, one can hardly help admiring their talent, sadly misapplied though it may be, and if Little Brooks had only commenced right, I doubt if there are many low comedians on either side the Atlantic that could have excelled him.

After the trial comes more "poses plastiques," or exhibitions of shape by four God-forsaken looking young women, as dissipated as two pair of owls. While this is going on, the "social evils" pass all manner of remarks about the show, criticize the "models," and try to convince young men from the country that they are better favored as models of beauty than the ones performing in flesh-colored tights before them, offering wagers to prove it, and defying Verdant Green or Damphool to come and see for themselves. It requires no great stretch of the imagination to guess the rest, what the private wine, supper and bed rooms are intended for; and that such vile cribs should be tolerated in the very heart of London is a fester and ulcer upon the British Government itself. For magnificently-dressed women, be-jewelled idiotic fops, no place in the world beats the Cyder Cellars, and could a descent be made some night, I'll bet a thousand green-backs to a ten-pun-note, that one half the patrons of this den are either the scapegrace sons of noblemen or professional sharpers. Who takes the bet?

When the concert-rooms are closed, some of their singers come around here and make a noise—possibly for their gin money, and many of them don't deserve that. How late they keep open I can't say, because we came away soon after one o'clock, and then everything was in full swing, for the theatre goers kept dropping in, accompanied generally by some Haymarket beauty, and the possibility is they don't shut up as long as there's any body to patronize them.

The Cyder Cellars are a great institution, ain't they?

THE BREATH.—In a life of fifty years, a man makes upwards of five hundred millions of respirations, drawing through his lungs one hundred and seventy tons weight of air, and discharging nearly twenty tons of the deleterious carbonic acid; and a quantity of ten cubic feet of air per minute is required to supply him with the amount of oxygen necessary for the performance of this function, whilst the constant change of the atmosphere is evidently imperative to get rid of the products of respiration and the effluvia from the body.

A COCKNEY SPORTSMAN gave a high figure for a well-bred pointer, but the poor cockney did not know what pointing was. So, when the animal made a point, lifting one leg, as usual, and standing motionless, our cockney friend declared he had the cramps, and took him up in his arms and carried him home.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

MR. WOODHAM.

Made his first appearance in Philadelphia in 1806, at the Chestnut-street Theatre, where he remained for some time. When on an emergency some one was wanted to perform a particular part, he was always ready, and having a very quick study, he generally acquitted himself with tolerable success. Indeed, that one quality of personating parts at a short notice, made him of great importance to any theatre. He was the husband of Mrs. Moore. They were attached to the Boston Theatre in 1816.

MISS WORKMAN.

Born in Birmingham, England; made her first appearance on the American stage April 22, 1828, at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the benefit of Miss Hawthorn, when she appeared in the farce of "High Life Below Stairs," and recited Collins' "Ode on the Passions."

THOMAS WIGNELL.

Born in London; was apprenticed to the business of seal cutting, but being continually about Garrick's Theatre, his father being a member of the company, he very naturally turned his attention to the stage. Came to America in 1774, but the American revolution changed his plans, and he visited Jamaica, where he remained until 1785.

Made his first appearance on the American stage in 1785, at the John-street Theatre, New York, as Joseph Surface, in "School for Scandal." In 1794, in conjunction with Reinagle, he became manager of the New Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia. Previous to the opening, he visited England for the purpose of engaging a company of performers for the establishment. Died in Philadelphia, in 1803.

JAMES PIMBRILY WILKINSON.

Born in London in 1787. Made his first appearance on the stage in 1806, at Greenbrook, Kent, England, as Valverde, in "Pizarro." First appeared on the American stage Aug. 30, 1832, at the Park Theatre, New York, as Geoffrey Muffincap, in "Amateurs and Actors," and in "Exchange No Robbery." In 1833 he returned to his native place, where he was residing at last accounts. First appeared in Philadelphia March 26, 1833, at the Walnut, as Ephraim, in "School for Prejudice." He was very poorly received in this country, but was a true artist.

JOSEPH H. BOSWELL.

Born in Philadelphia. Made his first appearance on any stage in July, 1835, at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Malcolm, in "Macbeth." Remained at this house for two seasons, when he became a member of the Arch-street house. In '43 he left Philadelphia for New York, and opened at the Bowery Theatre. During the season he made a "hit," in the character of the Hessian Sentinel, in "Putnam, or the Iron Son of '76." Receiving a better offer from Messrs. De Bar and Deverna, of the Chatham Theatre, he was duly installed a member of that company. After wandering about for some time, we find him stage manager at Welch's National Circus in his native city; left for Washington, where he became prompter for two seasons. In '55 was a member of the Walnut, playing old man characters.

MR. DARLEY.

Born in England; was brought to America by Mr. Wignell, for the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1793; made his first appearance on the American stage at Annapolis, Md., with the Chestnut Street Theatre company. Made his *debut* in Philadelphia, February 17, 1794, at the Chestnut; first appeared in New-York August 29th, 1801, at Corre's Garden, as Hawthorn, in "Love in a Village." Returned to England and opened a porter-house in Oxford street, London, where he died in 1859, much respected.

MRS. DARLEY.

Maiden name Ellen Westray; born in Bath, England. Made her first appearance on the American stage December 26th, 1796, at the Haymarket Theatre, Boston, as Narcissa, in "Inkle and Yarico." Made her *debut* in New-York in 1798, as Joanna, in "The Deserted Daughter," at the Park Theatre.

Died in Philadelphia, Sept. 26th, 1849, at the residence of her son. Was considered one of the very best actresses that ever walked the boards of an American stage. She was highly respected by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

JOHN DARLEY, JUN.

Made his first appearance on any stage as a boy, 1796, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. He shortly afterwards left the stage and entered the Marine Corps of the United States, which he left in 1800, and made his re-appearance on the stage, and married Miss E. Westray.

Retired from the stage and bought a farm near Chester, on the Delaware, where he resided. Died on his farm, January, 1853.

MR. DAY.

Was a member of the Broadway Theatre, New-York, in May, 1852. First appeared in Philadelphia May 3d, 1853, at the Walnut Street Theatre, as Harry Johnson, in "Nan, the Good for Nothing," for the benefit of W. Stuart, treasurer of the theatre.

MRS. WILMOT.

Formerly Mrs. Marshall. Born in England; made her first appearance on the American stage in 1793, with the Chestnut Street Theatre company, of Philadelphia, at Annapolis, Md. She afterwards went to Philadelphia and became a valuable acquisition to the Chestnut Street company. She had a hearty, dashing manner, that made her a most charming actress in romps and similar characters. As Priscilla Tomboy, and Little Pickle, she never had an equal. She was the admiration of every theatre in which she played, fascinating the spectators by her naturalness and sparkling vivacity. Her figure was under the middle size, and her countenance had a very pleasing expression.

MRS. WARNER.

Maiden name Mary Huddart. Was born in Dublin, Ireland, 1798. At 15 years of age she was engaged for the Plymouth (England) Theatre, and played Lady Macbeth, to the noble Thane of Mr. Macready. In 1853 she was engaged at Drury Lane, and performed the same character, including others, with Edwin Forrest.

Crossed the Atlantic, and made her *debut* in New-York in 1851, at Burton's Chambers Street Theatre, as Hermione, in "The Winter's Tale." First appeared in Philadelphia November 10th, 1851, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Queen Katharine, in "King Henry VIII."

Returned to England, and on her arrival her friends hastened to her rescue; and Her Majesty was pleased to bestow on her case a consideration which sufficiently showed the honor and estimation in which the eminent artist was held.

Died in London, September 24th, 1854.

Mrs. Warner was one of the greatest ornaments of the modern stage, and owed her celebrity to her sterling merits. In tragedy she excelled her competitors, and was for a long period, in London, the only actress capable of sustaining its severer characters.

W. A. WARNER.

Born in New-York in 1826. Made his first appearance on the stage at the Frankfort, Ky., Theatre, as Marcellus, in "Hamlet." In 1852 was at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio.

JAMES H. CALDWELL.

The Pioneer of the South and West. Born in Manchester, Lancaster County, England, in 1793; made his first appearance on any stage in his native place, acting the Page, in "Court Scenes." Made his first appearance on the American stage in November, 1816, at Charleston, S. C., as Belcour, in "The West Indian" and "The Three Singles," in the farce of "Three and Deuce;" commenced his career as manager in Columbia, in 1817. On the 7th of January, 1820, he brought out a regular company of comedians in New Orleans; opened the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, November 30th, 1835; which was destroyed by fire March 13th, 1842. His last appearance on any stage took place January 14th, 1843, when he appeared as Vapid, in "The Dramatist." In 1834, he introduced gas in the city of New Orleans for the first time; he afterwards made heavy contracts with nearly all the Southern cities to supply them with gas.

Made his first appearance in Philadelphia, April 16th, 1818, at the Walnut Street Theatre, as "The Three Singles." He was first introduced to this country by the late Joseph Holman, the manager of the Charleston Theatre. Prior to his appearance at Charleston, he was a leading light comedian at Bath, Bristol, and Manchester. Mr. Holman made him a conspicuous man at his theatre in Charleston—got up a riot, which resulted in the destruction of the theatre—subsequently wounded Holman in a duel at Sullivan Island—then appeared to the public, and took a triumphant benefit. Immediately after this affair, he married a lady of fortune in Fredericksburg, Va., realised a princely fortune, and became a banker.

M'LLE. LOUISE LAMOUREUX.

Visited this country with the celebrated Ronzani Ballet Troupe. Made her first appearance on the American stage, September 16th, 1857, at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

She is a tall, lithe, elegantly formed woman, of great physical power, and in whose movements there is not the least trace of effort or fatigue. Her execution is much more dramatic than that of any dancer we have yet seen here, while at the same time the spectator is startled with the rapidity with which she covers space. Her poses are graceful, but her pantomimic action is marvelously fine. In some respects, she excels any dancer, however celebrated, who has preceded her on the American boards.

MR. SPENCER.

Born in London. Made his first appearance on the American stage in 1832, at the Bowery, New York. In 1834 he eloped with a Mr. Frombley's wife; during the winter of '36, he and Frombley met accidentally at New Orleans, and a duel was fought; Frombley was shot dead. It was nothing less than a cold-blooded murder on the part of Spencer.

Spencer immediately went to Texas, and was one of the prisoners massacred at the Alamo, by order of Santa Anna.

TROUPE OF SPANISH DANCERS.

Composed of the following persons:—Don Jose Maria Llorente, director and composer; Donna Maria Arrego, Donna Josepha Basquera, principal *danseuses;* Don Fernando Cabrera, first dancer; Donna A. Gostina Llorento, Donna Valentina Rius, Donna Josepha Pacheco, Donna Marina Cortez, Donna Paz Quadro, Donna Manolia Montezuma, Don Jose Arrego, Don Juan Terada, Don Jose Camacha, Don Joaquin Terada, Don Pedro Ignacio Palamo, and Don Fernando Meiado.

Made their first appearance in Philadelphia, November 19th, 1855, at the Walnut Street Theatre, in the ballet divertissement of "Vintage of Xeres."

MRS. SPENCER.

Made her first appearance on the American stage March 2d, 1794, at the John Street Theatre, New York, as Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet." Retired from the stage in a very short time, her *debut* not being very successful.

H. N. SPRAGUE.

Born in Buffalo, New York, January 24th, 1818. Made his first appearance on the stage March 31st, 1829, at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, as Felix, in "The Hunter of the Alps." Died in Gloucester, Mass., September 29th, 1858, while a member of a strolling company.

MRS. SPRAGUE.

Born in Ireland, May 17th, 1833. Made her first appearance on the stage January 23d, 1852, at the Museum, Albany, New York, as Florida, in "Fortunio."

SEQUENCES AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.—The following anecdote applies an apposite illustration, that in the business of life plain words are preferable to obscure ones. A pedantic old gentleman, odd and peculiar in his habits, happened to want a footman, and requested his nephew to find him one. The nephew thought his own valet eligible for the place, and desired him to apply for it. The man was attached to his young master, and left him reluctantly; but believing that the change would be for his advantage, repaired to the uncle, who being confident that his nephew would not send an improper person, merely asked him if he understood *sequences.* John was puzzled. He had never heard the word before, and it did not sound like anything belonging to table service, brushing clothes, or cleaning boots. He was as much abroad as a sailor in *Black-eyed Susan,* who, having deposed on William's court martial to his messmate's excellence as a seaman, is next asked what he can say of his *moral* character. "Moral character, your honor? Why, he plays the fiddle like an angel!" John, after similar hesitation, replied: "I am not quite sure, sir, that I understand you; but if you will be pleased to explain yourself, I hope I shall be able to give you satisfaction." "I mean," said his proposed new master, "that when I order you to lay the cloth, you should comprehend thereby everything connected with it, such as knives, forks, salt, spoons, etc.; and so upon all occasions, not to do only what you are told in so many specific words, but to let your mind take in the whole range of *connecting appurtenances, dependencies, sequences,* and *consequences* of one thing upon another."

John assured him he would do his best, and had no doubt of pleasing him. Accordingly he was hired, and for some time they agreed perfectly. At last, his master finding himself suddenly ill, ordered John to fetch a nurse as soon as possible. Instead of returning with all speed, he was absent for several hours, and when at last he presented himself, received a severe reprimand for his delay, when he had been sent on business that required dispatch. John waited until his master's anger had abated a little, and then proceeded to justify his conduct in the following manner: "That he went and found the nurse, who was below; thinking that an apothecary might be be a *connecting appurtenance* to a nurse, he had brought one, who was also below; that knowing a doctor was usually a *dependence* on an apothecary, he had likewise fetched a physician, who was in waiting; a surgeon, he said, was often a *sequence* to a doctor, and an undertaker the *consequence* of all; he had, therefore, brought them altogether, and hoped he had thoroughly understood and executed his orders." The story winds up by saying, that the old gentleman was so much pleased with the humor of his man, that he added a codicil to his will, by which he left him a handsome legacy.

WEALTH OF THE ANCIENTS.—Cresus possessed in landed property $8,500,000, besides slaves, money, and furniture worth as much more; he used to say that a citizen who could not support an army or a legion did not deserve the title of a rich man. Seneca had a fortune of $1,700,000. Tiberius left at his death $98,125,000, which Caligula spent in twelve months. Vespasian, on ascending the throne, estimated all the expenses of Rome at $175,000,000 a year. The debts of Milo amounted to $3,000,000. Cæsar, before he entered upon any office, owed $13,975,000; he had purchased the friendship of Cairo for $2,500,000, and that of Lucius Paulus for $1,500,000. At the time of the assassination of Julias Cæsar, Marc Antony owed $15,000,000; he owed this sum on the ides of March, and it was paid by the kalends of April; between the death of Cæsar and his own decease, he spent $735,000,000. Appius spent $2,500,000 in debauchery, and finding, upon examining his affairs, that he had only $400,000 left, he committed suicide by poison, because he considered that sum insufficient for his maintenance. Cæsar gave Satulla, the mother of Brutus, a pearl worth $50,000. Cleopatra, at an entertainment she gave to Antony, dissolved in some vinegar a pearl worth $400—not a great many thousand dollars, as is commonly stated—and he drank the acid beverage.

SHORT WHIST.—One would hardly suppose any connection between a lobster and the invention of this game, so much preferred by zealous players on account of its brevity; but so it is. Long whist was supplanted about forty years ago, simply by the fondness of a worthy Welsh baronet for hot lobster. Four first-rate whist-players, of whom he was one, adjourned from the House of Commons to the celebrated coffee house known as Brooks', to get some supper. One of them proposed a rubber, while the cook was busy, and the others agreed. "But the lobster must be hot," said the baronet, "and a rubber may last an hour, by which time the lobster will get cold." "It is too long," said another; "let's cut it shorter," chimed in a third; carried, *nem. con.* The four whist-players found it lively to win or lose so much oftener in the same time; and the new game soon became all the rage—by the help of the baronet's hot lobster.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—Not long since Henry E. Miner, Esq., editor of the Manchester (Vt.) *Journal,* deliberately knocked down one Marvin Dole, for expressing, in the streets of Manchester, traitorous sentiments, such as "he hoped that every man who crossed the Potomac would either be shot by the enemy, or else that God Almighty would strike them down by lightning; that Jackson, the murderer of Ellsworth, was the man for him; that he would like to raise a monument to his memory, and that he served Ellsworth right; and that he hoped that our army before Richmond would be defeated." Miner was arrested for assault, and after a lengthy trial, without leaving their seats, the jury returned the following verdict:—

Not guilty, and the jury would recommend to all loyal citizens to go and do likewise," which was received with the cheers and shouts of the assembled audience. Miner served Dole right, and the jury served Miner right.

CUT OFF THE BACK LEGS OF YOUR CHAIRS.—I will tell you a secret worth knowing. A thousand things not worth half so much have been patented, and elevated into a business.

It is this. If you cut off the back legs of your chairs so that the back part of the seat shall be two inches lower than the front part, it will greatly relieve the fatigue of sitting, and keep your spine in much better shape. The principal fatigue in sitting comes from your sliding forward, and thus straining the ligaments and muscles in the small of the back. The experiment I have advised will obviate this tendency, and, as I have suggested, add greatly to the comfort and healthfulness of the sitting position.

The front edge of a chair should not be more than fifteen inches high for the average man, nor more than fourteen for an average woman. The average chair is now seventeen inches high for all, which no amount of [illegible]g in the seat can make comfortable.—*Lewins' Gymnasium.*

COULDN'T SEE IT.—A juggler was once performing to a western audience, and was exhibiting one of his feats of mysterious disappearance in the following strain:

"Now, gentlemen, I take the ball thus, in the palm of my hand, cover it with right hand, thus: rub them gently together in this style; and behold! 'tis gone. You thus see, gentlemen——"

"No, I can't see," replied an individual among the audience.

The juggler repeated his performance.

"I take the balls thus, et cetera, and, behold, 'tis gone. You thus see, gentlemen——"

"No, I cannot see," reiterated the same individual.

"May I ask," replied the excited juggler, "why the gentleman can't see, when——"

"Yes; that's about the thing. I'm blind."

The juggler rang down the curtain.

LET HER RIP.—An abbreviation not to be found in the books, is to be found on a tombstone in Dunkirk. The mourners intended to put an old amt to sleep with the customary phrase:

"Let her rest in peace."

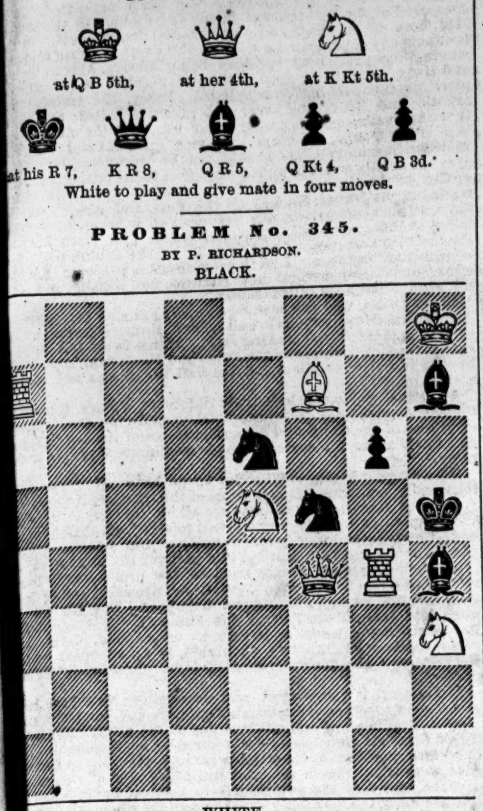
But the space on the stone gave out at the close of the word "her." The ready-witted sculptor, however, inserted the initials, and now the old lady sleeps beneath the laconic but inelegant expression—"Let her r. i. p."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

ENIGMA No. 345.

From Bell's Life in London.

BY HERR CONRAD BAYER.



at Q B 5th, at her 4th, at K Kt 5th.

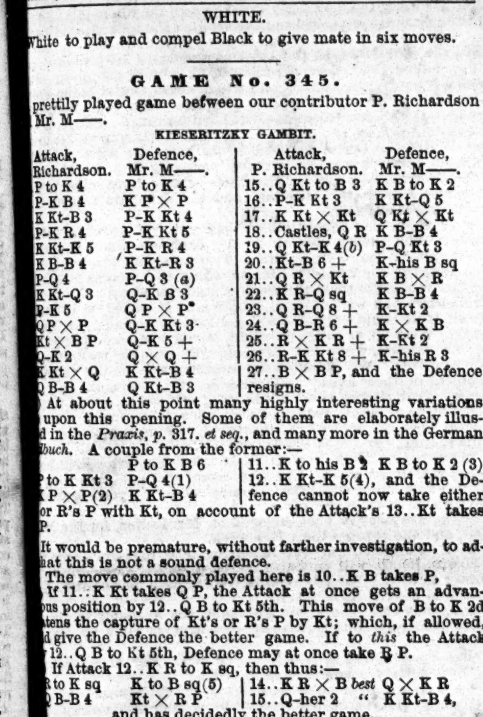
at his R 7, K R 8, Q R 5, Q Kt 4, Q B 3d.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 345.

BY P. RICHARDSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and compel Black to give mate in six moves.

GAME No. 345.

prettily played game between our contributor P. Richardson Mr. M——.

KIESERITZKY GAMBIT.

Attack, Richardson.	Defence, Mr. M——.	Attack, P. Richardson.	Defence, Mr. M——.
P to K 4	P to K 4	15..Q Kt to B 3	K B to K 2
P-K B 4	K P × P	16..P-K Kt 3	K Kt-Q 5
K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	17..K Kt × Kt	Q Kt × Kt
P-K R 4	P-K Kt 5	18..Castles, Q R	K B-B 4
K Kt-K 5	P-K R 4	19..Q Kt-K 4(*b*)	P-Q Kt 3
K B-B 4	K Kt-R 3	20..Kt-B 6 +	K-his B sq
P-Q 4	P-Q 3 (*a*)	21..Q R × Kt	K B × R
K Kt-Q 3	Q-K B 3	22..K R-Q sq	K B-B 4
P-K 5	Q P × P	23..Q R-Q 8 +	K-Kt 2
Q P × P	Q-K Kt 3	24..Q B-R 6 +	K × K B
Kt × B P	Q-K 5 +	25..R × K R +	K-Kt 2
Q-K 2	Q × Q +	26..R-K Kt 8 +	K-his R 3
K Kt × Q	K Kt-B 4	27..B × B P, and the Defence	
Q B-B 4	Q Kt-B 3	resigns.	

At about this point many highly interesting variations upon this opening. Some of them are elaborately illusd in the *Praxis, p.* 317. *et seq.*, and many more in the German *Buch.* A couple from the former:—

P to K B 6	11..K to his B 2 K B to K 2 (3)
to K Kt 3 P-Q 4(1)	12..K Kt-K 5(4), and the De-
P × P(2) K Kt-B 4	fence cannot now take either
	Kt or R's P with Kt, on account of the Attack's 13..Kt takes P.

It would be premature, without farther investigation, to adhat this is not a sound defence.

The move commonly played here is 10..K B takes P, If 11..K Kt takes Q P, the Attack at once gets an advanous position by 12..Q B to Kt 5th. This move of B to K 2d tens the capture of Kt's or R's P by Kt; which, if allowed, d give the Defence the better game. If to *this* the Attack 12..Q B to Kt 5th, Defence may at once take B P.

If Attack 12..K R to K sq, then thus:—

R to K sq	K to B sq(5)	14..K R × B *best*	Q × K R
Q B-B 4	Kt × R P	15..Q-her 2 "	K Kt-B 4,

and has decidedly the better game.

This is better than castling.

he best 7th move for the Defence is his 8th, as in the text, nued thus;

	Q to K B 3	11..Q P × P	Q to K 2
to Q B 3(5)	P-Q 3(6)	12..Castles	Q × R P
Kt-Q 3	K B-R 3	13..K Kt × B P	K B × Kt *best*
-K 5(7)	Q P × P	14..K R × B, and has still an	

ing position, but the Defence maintains his P:

Recommended by the *Handbuch.*

More advisable than 8..K B to Q 3d—a move much favored.

A difficult juncture; but this move, on the whole, seems rable to any other.

The Attack now takes the game in hand in a highly vigornd entertaining style.

ther entertaining specimen of the Italian school.—*Era.*

KING'S KT'S GAMBIT.

Dubois.	M. de Riviere.	Signor Dubois.	M. de Riviere.
to K 4	P to K 4	11..Q B to Kt 5	K B to his 3
K B 4	K P × P	12..Q B × B	Q × Q B
Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	13..K Kt-K 5	Q-Kt 2(*d*)
B-B 4	K B-Kt 2	14..Kt × B P	P-Q 4
Q 4	P-Q 3	15..K P × P	K R × Kt
Kt-B 3	P-Q B 3	16..P-Q 6	K Kt-B 3
stles	K Kt-B 3(*c*)	17..K R × Kt(*e*)	Q × K R
K R 4	Kt P × P	18..R-K B sq	B-K B 4
B × P	Castles	19..Q Kt-K 4	Q-K Kt 3
her 2	K Kt-his 5	20..Kt-K Kt 5, and	

M. de Riviere resigned.

Should have played P to K R 3d, with a good game.

13..Q to K R 3d would have been a preferable move.

The Italian master plays this game with dash and spirit, iting to a prominent degree, the style peculiar to his conporaries.

is proper to remark that M. de Riviere is *now* a much ger player than when the two games we have given were sted.—ED.]

PAULSEN AND ANDERSSEN.

OPENING OF THEIR SECOND GAME.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

Paulsen.	Prof. Anderssen.	Mr. Paulsen.	Prof. Anderssen.
to K 4	P to Q B 4	13..P to R 4	K B to Kt 2
Kt-B 3	P-K 3	14..Q P × P	Q P × P
K Kt 3(*a*)	K Kt-K 2	15..P-K 5	Q-her B 2
B-Kt 2	P-Q 3	16..Q-K 2	P-K Kt 4
Q 3	Q Kt-B 3	17..K Kt-B 3	Kt P × P
Kt-R 3	P-Q R 3	18..Kt P × P	Q Kt-his 5
astles	Q B-Q 2	19..K Kt-his 5	Q Kt-Q 4
K B 4	P-K B 4	20..Q Kt × Kt	K P × Kt
B-K 3 (*b*)	P-Q Kt 3	21..P-Q R 4	Castles, Q R
Kt-his 5	P-K R 3	22..B P × P	Q B-Kt 4
Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 3	23..P-R 6(*c*)	Q B × Q
Kt-R 4	P-K R 4	24..Q P × Q	Q R-Q 6(*d*),

he *partie* was carried on over thirty moves more, but ended *remise.*

A novelty which, considering the source whence it comes, ves the attention of the analyst.

We should have very much preferred taking P with P; be- if the Defence take P with Kt, the K P is left behind and ns a fine game by K Kt to his 5th, followed by K R to K sq. Q to her 2d must have decided the game in Mr. Paulsen's

This lucky resource seems to have been overlooked by Mr. *Loewenthal.*

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RRY LESEURE, Philadelphia.—Happy to hear from you. pe received. Will enquire regarding those CLIPPERS. Thanks osition.

MO, Princeton, N. J.—Thanks for Match Games—two of n appear this week. Did not receive your first order for the SPORTING TIMES. Will forward at once. Let us hear from gain.

CEPTANCE, Franklin, N. Y.—All O. K. See notice to G. M. B.

EEN MOUNTAIN BOY, Painsville, Vt.—Our correspondent stance, would like to play a game of Draughts with you ugh the CLIPPER. What say you?

A. DE CON, Brooklyn.—One of those games next week.

PLANATION.—Mr. Bethell's correction of Drummond, given rt time since, refers to "Dyke," in Drummond's 3d edition, 48, which professes to correct the A. D. P., variation 4. Mr. ys he selected this from "quite a number of errors"—only because it appeared to correct one of his contributions to that work.

CLIPPER MATCH GAMES.

FROM NEMO.

DYKE.

Black, Acceptance.		White, Blythe.		Black, Acceptance.		White, Blythe.	
1..11	to 15	22	to 17	10..11	to 20	26	to 23
2..15	19	24	15	11.. 8	11	23	19
3..10	19	23	16	12..11	15	30	26(*b*)
4..12	19	25	22	13..15	24	28	19
5.. 8	11	17	13(*a*)	14..14	18	19	16
6.. 9	14	29	25	15..10	15	17	14
7.. 7	10	22	17	16..15	19	26	22
8.. 4	8	27	23	17..19	23	22	15
9.. 2	7	23	16	18..23	27, and wins.		

(*a*) Leaves the books.

(*b*) 25 to 22 draws. 30 to 26 is weak.

NEW YORK.

Black, G. M. Boy.		White, P. M. Harwich.		Black, G. M. Boy.		White, P. M. Harwich.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	4..11	to 16	18	to 11
2.. 8	11	26	23	5..16	23	27	18
3.. 9	13	23	18	6.. 7	16		

Game withdrawn by Editor because P. M. delayed moving. The position may be found in Sturges' Game 49, variation D, at 5th move.

GAME No. 22—VOL. X.

SCOTCH DRAUGHT PLAYER CORRECTED.

DEFIANCE.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	11.. 6	to 9	22	to 18
2.. 9	14	27	23	12.. 4	8	18	15
3.. 8	11	22	18	13.. 1	6	26	22
4..15	22	25	9	14.. 9	13	30(*b*)	25
5.. 5	14	29	25	15..14	17	21	7
6..11	15	25	22	16.. 2	27	31	24
7.. 7	11	24	20	17.. 8(*a*)	11	25(1)	21
8..15	24	28	19	18.. 6	10	22	18
9..11	15	32	28	19..13	17		
10..15	24	28	19		Black wins.		

(1)

AS PLAYED BY A. J. DUNLAP, NEW YORK.

Black.	White.
17..	19 to 15
18..11 to 18	22 15

Drawn.

(*a*) Drummond probably means to have it played in this style:

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
17.. 6	to 10	25	to 21	19..13	to 17	21	to 7
18.. 8	11	22	18	20.. 3	10 Black wins.		

(*b*) This beautiful variation arises from this move:

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
14..		22	to 18	18.. 2	to 27	31	to 24
15.. 3	to 7	18	9	19.. 8	11	30	26
16..13	17	21	14	20.. 7	10	26	22
17.. 6	13	15	6	21..10	14 Black wins.		

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 22—VOL. X.

By J. H. BURNHAM.

White.		Black.	
1..11	to 7	2	to 11
2..17	14	10	17
3..28	24	20	27
4..18	15	11	18
5..23	14	9	18
6..32	30, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 88th POSITION.

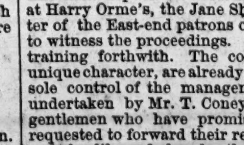
White.		Black.	
1..27	to 23	20	to 27
2..17	24	30	26
3..21	17, and wins.		

POSITION No. 23—Vol. X.

By C. ALLEN, of Roxbury.

End-Game.

BLACK.

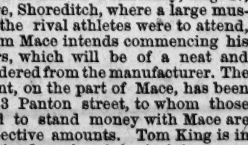


WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE 89th POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

From the Sporting Life, August 20.

FIGHTS TO COME.

AUG. 19.—Young Dove and J. Jones—£25 a side, 8st 8lb, Home Circuit.

21.—Dilly and M'Nulty—£10 a side, at catch weight, Worcester.

26.—Peter Morris and Young Holden—£50 a side, 8st, Home circuit.

SEPT. 2.—John Baynes and Patsey Cleare—£5 a side.

9.—Cook and Fox—£10 a side, at 8st 10lb, Midland circuit.

2.—T. Barnes and J. Carroll—£5 a side, Hampshire.

15.—John Morgan and Aleck Meek—£25 a side, at 9st 10lb, Midland circuit.

30.—Joe Goss and Posh Price—£25 a side, Midland circuit.

30.—T. Osborn and W. Boston's Novice—£10 a side, at 8st 8lb.

OCT. 7.—Hall and Millard—£50 a side, at 9st 6lb, Midland circuit.

NOV. 25.—Jack Hicks and James Gollagher—£100 a side, at 9st, Home circuit.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND TOM KING.—£400 AND THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—The next deposit of £15 a side was due on Wednesday, Aug. 27, at Harry Orme's, the Jane Shore, Shoreditch, where a large muster of the East-end patrons of the rival athletes were to attend, to witness the proceedings. Jem Mace intends commencing his training forthwith. The colors, which will be of a neat and unique character, are already ordered from the manufacturer. The sole control of the management, on the part of Mace, has been undertaken by Mr. T. Coney, 13 Panton street, to whom those gentlemen who have promised to stand money with Mace are requested to forward their respective amounts. Tom King is in rude health, and also shortly intends going into training quarters until the day of the eventful contest. Arrangements are already being negotiated for the means and ways of transit to the chosen spot, which will be of a novel and unexpected order. A "safe" site has been pitched upon for the encounter, and it only requires both men to be well on the day, for the affair to be, from first to last, "a model mill."

GREAT FIGHT FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 30.—PETER MORRIS, OF BIRMINGHAM, AND YOUNG HOLDEN, OF WALSALL, £50 A SIDE, AT 8ST.—The whole of the battle money has been staked with the selected official, for this long looked-for contest, which, from the men's previous performances, promises to be of unusual interest. Peter Morris's last victory was over the game and clever little Hartley; and Holden's rattling fight with, and defeat of, Charley Lynch, the American, must be fresh in the memory of our readers. To add to the interest, both of the light-weights are well and confident, the immediate friends of each booking victory as a certainty. Articles state that neither are to exceed 8st in weight, and to scale the day before fighting.

RING ON DITS.

MICK REES AND BILL LITTLEJOHN.—These men have to stake another deposit on Monday, Aug. 23, at Mr. Robins's, Blue Jacket, Portsea.

WOOD AND BOOTH.—The match to fight between these men, which was fixed for Monday, Aug. 18, ended in a disappointment, both men having eventually agreed to draw the stakes. The affair is consequently off.

M'NULTY AND DILLY.—These men should have fought on Thursday, Aug. 21, in the Worcester district, but owing, at the last moment, to M'Nulty being apprehended, and unable to find satisfactory sureties, he is still incarcerated, so that the match, for the present at all events, stands off. The good citizens of Worcester are anything but pleased at this issue, and somewhat unmistakeably point the finger of scorn at Mac, thinking he was taken at his own instigation.

JOE GOSS AND POSH PRICE.—The deposit for this interesting event was duly forthcoming on Monday, Aug. 18, and an additional one of £2 10s. a side was to be made at Morris Roberts's, the Leopard, Dale-end, on Monday, Aug. 25, between eight and ten P. M. The interest attached to this match is continually on the increase.

BOB TRAVERS AND PLANTAGENET GREEN.—The contemplated match between these accomplished "darkies" is off, the backer of Plantagenet having made a handsome present to Bob, in consequence of his reverse of Shylock behavior in not demanding his bond.

GALLANT FIGHT BETWEEN THOMAS DAWES AND JAMES EVANS,

FOR £50, AT CATCH-WEIGHT.

On Monday, Aug. 18, the lovers of a good mill were afforded a great treat in consequence of a fistic tournament having been fixed for that day, between a couple of aspirants for pugilistic honors, of the names of Thomas Daws and James Evans (*alias* Nutts). Both have met in the roped arena previously, each having leathered his man, and that in such a style as justified their friends in finding their money for some future contest! The pretensions of both were thought highly of, and were so lauded by their admirers, that, jealous of the fame of "t'other" on meeting at a glove *fete* or two, the smothered fire burst into a flame, and the lads were matched at catch-weight for a £25 a side. From the time of articles being signed, the rival houses of the Sugar Loaf and the Horse and Groom, when the deposits had to be staked, were the scenes of arguments, each in turn being both persuasive and forcible. Nutts, who was the favorite at the Horse and Groom, Bedfordbury, became also the favorite in the betting, being considered by his admirers to have the "pull" in cleverness and gameness, although Dawes might be somewhat the heavier man. Dawes was not without ardent admirers, who thought he was not deficient in skill or gameness, and that his superiority in weight would tell a tale in his favor.

Thomas Dawes, who will be twenty-four years of age on the 29th of the present month, stands 5ft. 5in. in height, and on the present occasion weighed about 9st 8lb. His previous encounter in the P. R. was with one Inch, whom he defeated Oct 7, 1861, in three rounds, which lasted only 10 minutes. The occupation of Dawes did not allow him to leave London for a lengthened preparation, but he made the best use he could of his time in reducing his flesh, and went with Jem Dillon into strict training for about the last ten days, at Garratt-lane. During the last week he was more than once called to London, in consequence of a deep domestic affliction. The natural consequence was, that, although strong and in robust health, he was much too "fleshy" in appearance. His colors for the mill were blue, with a large white spot.

James Evans (Nutts) was born May 29, 1840, consequently he is twenty-two years of age. He is 5 ft. 5½ in. in height, and weighed 9st 3lb. His only battle in the ring was when he beat Benson, near Aldershot, on Friday, June 13, 1862, twenty-four sharp rounds having been fought in 25 minutes. He sported on the present occasion, a white silk handkerchief, with a diamond spot and a mauve variegated border, for his banner.

The articles stated that the men were to meet on Tuesday, Aug. 19, but, for prudential reasons, the manager of the trip brought forward the event by twenty-four hours. On the day before the fray, the respective "hostelries" of the combatants were besieged by those who wished to know the whereabouts, which was not divulged until nearly ten o'clock in the evening. A large number of metropolitan followers of the Ring, intermixed with a tidy sprinkling of gentlemen, met at an early hour at the railway terminus appointed, whence an hour's run brought the travellers to where a steamboat was waiting to convey the belligerents on their way to that mysterious spot known to the initiated as "down the river." No time was lost in getting under way, which was effected at a quarter to eleven. A good tide and a fast boat brought the *voyageurs* to the first of the pre-arranged "spots" at twenty-four minutes past eleven. Fred Oliver, with the Orestes and the Pylades of the Ring (Puggy and Martin), soon had the ring pitched on a level piece of green sward, surrounded by flags; and from the sheltered and secluded nature of the spot, even the grumblers and growlers were convinced a good pitch had been made. Precisely at a quarter to twelve, the lads walked at the same time to the ring side, and threw in their caps. Dawes was attended by Job Cobley, the "enthusiastic," and Jem Dillon, Evans having the services of Jem Hill, of Chelsea, and Tom Barnash. The toss for choice of corners was won by Jem Hill, for Nutts. The proposition for choice of the referee was scarcely made before a *shiny* hat was discovered by a wary watcher, which was found, on further inspection, to cover the upper extremity of a local "bobby," who came to the ring-side, stopped the further progress of the affair, and said three more constables were *en route.* This announcement was but too true, for the reserve blues came up before a fresh embarkation could be effected. The tide by this time having fallen, the mud was deep, and the stepping-stones but so many traps for the unwary, who were caught in numbers. On arriving on board, mops and pails were at a premium to cleanse the pedal continuations of the unfortunates. On the muster roll being called over by Fred Oliver, the ropes and stakes, with their guardian spirits, Puggy and Martin, were found to be absentees, and it was not for some time—and then by the aid of a telescope—that they were discovered in another boat at some distance. The safety of these indispensables (ropes and stakes) being certain, a quick trip was brought to a conclusion by another jaunt on shore. The ring was soon pitched, the referee chosen, and the men ready for battle. 6 to 4 was laid on Nutts previous to the commencement. The final artistic touches having been administered to the men, and the last bit of advice whispered, they were delivered, by their seconds, at the scratch at one o'clock precisely for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The attitude of the men was not the most artistic, but yet sufficiently so to show that they were not complete "dunces," although almost complete novices. Dawes, who was very fleshy indeed, is well made, with very good shoulders, arms, and loins. He stands with his arms rather high, and with an uneasy movement with his right, which threatened a dangerous hit with that weapon. Nutts' attitude was rather neat, and he was very fit indeed, the muscles showing plainly all over him. As soon as the seconds had retired, it was evident that *fighting* was to be their "little game," and accordingly they got at it ding-dong. Dawes was already busy on the side of the head with the right, and on the top of the same place with the left. Nutts visited the mouth with the left, and the body twice with the right, and rushed in. Dawes steadied himself, and stopped Nutts' rush by a left-hander on the cheek, which brought on exchanges of a heavy description, until Dawes was down from the force of his own blow. Time, 2 min.

2. Both came up eagerly to time, Nutts with his left ear flushed and a lump on the cheek bone; Dawes had his mouth swollen and his left eye very red. Nutts was the first to lead off with the left, which was planted rather lightly on the cheek. Dawes returned with the left on the forehead, inflicting a cut. Nutts, not relishing these stingers, dashed in; rattling exchanges at half-armed distance to the ropes took place, where Dawes got down cleverly.

3. Nutts, who was up first to the call of time, had a bump or two on the forehead, and was bleeding from the cut; Dawes was much flushed, and his mouth swollen. Nutts led off on the cheek, Dawes, in return, visiting the nose with the right, drawing blood. This forced good exchanges until Dawes broke away, followed by Nutts, who wanted to get to close quarters. Dawes met him, and a rattling set-to at close quarters ensued. Nutts delivered on the head, cheek, and body, receiving on the body and nose heavily. Dawes, in this round, proved he was the stronger man, as he fought Nutts into his (Nutts') corner, and administered three good upper cuts on the head and body, and then closing at the ropes, both were down in Evans' corner.

4. Dawes came up bleeding from the nose; Nutts with his cheek, left eye, and ear "up," and an abrasion on the shoulder. Both sparred for wind, until Dawes crept to within distance, and dashed out his left, but was short. Nutts was also short in the return. Good left-handed counters were then exchanged, and Dawes missing a right-handed upper-cut, travelled round the ring, followed by Evans, who hit out wildly in the pursuit. Dawes stopped suddenly, and met Evans with a straight shot on the chest, drawing blood. Nutts, who would not be denied, dashed in, and fought desperately at close quarters; but Dawes, much the stronger man, got a fair hold, and cross-buttocked Nutts heavily. Time, 10 min. 20 sec.

5 to 11. While Dawes was being attended by his seconds, a commotion was observed amongst them, and it was soon ascertained that his left hand was broken in the second round, the injury having been, of course, greatly increased in the ensuing *meetings.* Nutts, in all these rounds, came up eagerly, although he was much flushed about the face and side of the body. Dawes was also flushed, and had his left eye slightly swollen. Both too eager, loosed their left, but were out of distance. Nutts would not be denied, and would rush in, when Dawes, who found his advantage in out-fighting, slipped him, and a ludicrous chase took place, in most instances Nutts not having any the best of it when they did get together. The same tactics were displayed in the sixth round, the fighting being in favor of Dawes, who fought Nutts down. Up to the eleventh round Dawes had much the best of the exchanges, and was much the stronger man; and, had his left hand remained sound, by this time he must have secured a much more decided lead than he at present held. In the last of these rounds, Dawes planted his left on the left eye, and the right on the body, and fell from the force of his own blow. Time, 23 min.

12. Nutts had both eyes "up," and his left ear much increased in size. Dawes had his left eye discolored, and his left hand much puffed. Dawes assumed the offensive, and dashed his left on the mouth, drawing more blood, and getting to close quarters; they exchanged severe half-armed blows, until Dawes went down at the ropes to avoid being thrown.

13. Nutts was the first to come up at the call of time, although he was decidedly getting weak. Dawes, as soon as he was within shot, planted the left on the body, and retreated. After some little sparring, a couple of left-handed shots were wasted, being all out of distance. Dawes dashed the left on the nose without a return. Nutts, nothing loth, accepted the invitation, and rushed in, when some very severe in-fighting in Dawes' favor took place to the ropes, where Nutts was fought down. Time, 28 min.

14 to 15. All in favor of Dawes, who took a decided lead, getting his left on with the double on the chest and nose. Dawes, after being short twice with his left, (evidently fearful of using it too freely) landed a good upper-cut with the right, and went in, and a good rally took place. Dawes, after getting in three swinging right-handers, fell, from the effects of one of his own blows.

16. Nutts, although very willing, was very weak, while Dawes was as strong as at the commencement. Dawes commenced operations by visiting the cheek lightly with his left twice, and the body with his right. Nutts, finding he was catching it "warm" at out-fighting, rushed in, and a tremendops severe and long bout at in-fighting took place, in which they visited every corner of the ring, until both were down, side by side. Time, 34 min.

17. Dawes, who was up first, had his mouth swollen and his left eye much discolored, but he was as strong as at the commencement of the fight. Nutts was much punished on the head, and was, besides, getting very weak. Notwithstanding this state of affairs, very little sparring took place. Dawes opened the ball by a feeler with the bad hand, hoping to draw Nutts within a right-handed distance, but he returned with a wild left-hander, which was out of all distance. Tommy, in his next attempt, planted the left, and they were busy with both hands for some little time, when they broke away, Dawes getting well home on the nose as he retreated. Nutts again forced the in-fighting, trying all that was in his power to turn the tide of battle in his favor, and taking his hiding like a man; Dawes ducked, and retiring, was followed by Nutts, who was met by a right-hander on the nose, which steadied him in his rush, when Dawes again trotted, but soon stopped, and some very vicious exchanges took place, until both were down. Time, 37 min.

18 to 22. These rounds were all fought in a manly style, and although Nutts persevered in the most determined manner, it was evident that the battle was going in Dawes' favor, and that it was only time for him. The blows administered by Dawes' left did not leave any very severe punishment, but the continued and repeated taps began to tell a tale. In the exchanges at close quarters, Dawes used his right with most effect, and, in fact, bar the accident to his left hand, he was also without any marks of consequence. The last of these rounds was concluded by Dawes knocking Nutts down by a left-hander on the throat. Time, 50 minutes.

23 to 38. Nutts was gradually getting weaker and weaker, but to any question asked by his seconds, he invariably answered that he could and would fight for a week. His left eye was quite closed, and his nose enlarged, besides that he showed severe punishment about the body. Dawes, on the contrary, was very strong, and was only cautious about the too free use of his left. Dawes in these rounds increased his lead, and, bar accidents, the fight was all over. Dawes, as soon as Nutts came up, landed his left lightly on the face or head, and then, forcing the fighting, sent Nutts to the ropes, where he got a hold and threw Nutts, or fought him down. The last of these rounds was concluded by Dawes planting his left on the chin, a stinger, which sent Nutts down on his back like a shot. Time, 1 h. 20 min. There were a couple of appeals made during these rounds, on the ground that Dawes had fallen intentionally on Nutts, but the referee ordered the battle to proceed.

39 to 56, and last. These rounds were only noticeable from the fact that although Nutts was so dreadfully weak that he required all the attention of his seconds to bring him round in time to face his opponent, he would still persevere in his endeavors to alter the face of affairs. Dawes continued to have the best of the hitting, the blows of Nutts, with but few exceptions, having apparently no steam behind them; but so gamely did he try, that he cut Dawes' right eye in the forty-third round. In the forty-fifth round, the referee cautioned Dawes respecting the manner in which he fell on Nutts when they were down, but ordered them to fight on. In the remainder of the rounds, Dawes fought Nutts down, and the latter had become gradually so weak, that, at the conclusion of the fifty-sixth round, when Nutts was again fought down, they humanely threw up the sponge in token of his defeat, and Dawes, to the delight of his partizans, was declared the winner, after fighting 1 hour 42 min.

REMARKS.

On such a game contest as the above there can but few remarks be made. The best man won no doubt, and had his left hand stood, it is our opinion that the battle would have been decided in a much shorter time. Dawes is a well-behaved young fellow, who, although far from a novice, has much to learn before he is a thorough proficient. He has a knowledge of the use of his feet in avoiding an antagonist, which stood him in good need in the present fight, and he also avoided being thrown very neatly several times. Nutts has not lost any of his friends by his defeat, as he did all that a game and resolute man could do to turn the tide in his favor, not by being a mere passive object of attack, but by resolutely forcing the pace, and going in at once to close quarters, when he found he was losing ground at the out-fighting. His friends must remember that he was giving away at least five or six pounds, if not more, in weight, which, at their respective fighting weights, must tell a great tale. The loser was much cut up at his defeat, and a subscription was entered into for him, which amounted to a respectable sum. The seconds of the men did their duties in the most satisfactory manner, and sent them up marvels of cleanliness, notwithstanding the shortness of the rounds, &c. The arrangements of the journey were under the management of the well-known Mr. John Patten, of the Horse and Groom, Bedfordbury, and were carried out in the most comfortable manner, so that, after such a good fight, to make things more pleasant, the company were finally landed in the metropolis once more at half-past five in the afternoon.

WRESTLING.

CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING MATCH.—There was an immense gathering at the Copenhagen grounds, Manchester, on Saturday afternoon, August 16, of the admirers of the Lancashire style of wrestling, to witness a match between Acton and Meadowcroft. Joseph Acton is a native of Hurst, near Ashton-under-Lyne, his opponent being J. Meadowcroft, of Radcliffe. The agreement entered into was, to wrestle the best of three back falls, Lancashire fashion, catch as catch can, for £25 a side, and neither man was to be rubbed with resin, grease, or other pernicious drugs, all foul acts to be excluded, and neither man to exceed 6 score 6lb. The winner was also to receive the champion's belt. Thomas Hayes was stakeholder and referee. The betting commenced at 6 to 4 on Meadowcroft, and came at one time to evens; but at the commencement of hostilities, 5 to 4 was freely offered on Meadowcroft. Soon after three o'clock, both men entered the arena, in company with their backers and trainers. Acton having been under the eye of John Cross, whilst Meadowcroft had been trained by Schora. All being in readiness, the men disrobed, Meadowcroft's umpires being Wm. Schora and R. Ross, whilst Bouff and John Cross did the like office for Acton. Mr. Hayes taking his position as referee, the men shook hands, and at once commenced business in a very spirited manner; Acton soon showing superior strength, as well as length of reach, and in twenty-eight minutes he rolled his opponent over, and won the first throw. After resting ten minutes, they again came to the mark, but after another bout of eleven minutes, Meadowcroft again came to "grass." Acton was, consequently, hailed the champion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PEDESTRIANISM IN IRELAND.—A six miles race between Mills, Barker, Richards, and a Dublin pedestrian, came off on Friday, Aug. 15, and were handicapped as follows:—Canavan (the Dublin ped) two minutes' start, Richards one minute and a half, Barker half a minute, and Mills at scratch. The course had to be traversed forty-six times to complete the prescribed distance. Soon after starting, Canavan was overhauled by each competitor in turn, and retired completely pumped out, after running half the distance. Barker, at this period of the race, had gained a lap on Richards, the latter having made two laps of his start. Mills was apparently not running up to his accumstomed style and fitness, and, when about three miles and a half had been covered, he resigned, and, to all appearance, was very unwell. Thus the issue was left to Barker and Richards, the latter sticking gamely to his work, and the pace was a cracker. After the finish of the third mile, Barker only gained a quarter of a lap, until two miles and a half more had been completed, and, as only another half mile had to be run, speculation began to be rife as to whether the Welshman could be overhauled. Thus matters were on entering upon the last round of the course, when Barker made his rush, and treated the company to as fine a specimen of running as a man would wish to look upon, if we except, perhaps, Mills (the Little Wonder); but, in spite of his extraordinary efforts, he failed to overhaul Richards, who dashed past the winning-post in front by about thirty-five yards. Time, Richards, 32 min. 40 sec.; Barker, 31 min. 50 sec.

SWIMMING VS. PEDESTRIANISM.—A novel match took place during the week ending Aug. 16, in which Sandy, of Piccadilly, undertook to swim across the Serpentine and back, whilst Flying Billy, of Clifford street, should run round the same, going over the bridge that separates Kensington Gardens from the Park. The friends of Billy were very sanguine, and laid 6 to 4 on their man. On the word to go, Sandy dived into the water, and Billy rushed up the hill to get over the bridge: by the time Sandy had reached the opposite shore, time, 2½ min., Billy was running very strong, and got within a hundred yards of the lower end of the river. Sandy returned at a much less pace, and when about half-way across, Billy was within 700 yards of home. His opponent in the water seeing this, put on a tremendous spurt, and landed himself a winner, Billy being 150 yards from the starting point. The swimmer's time was 6 min. 25 sec., and the ped's 6 min. 47 sec.

SCULLERS' RACE.—On Friday, August 15, a scullers' race took place between Messrs. W. A. Joyce and C. E. Innes, of the West London Rowing Club, from Hammersmith to Putney. The stations count from the Surrey shore:—

Station.

1. Mr. C. E. Innes..... 1
2. Mr. W. A. Joyce..... 2

At the word go, both went well away, Innes with a trifling lead, having been served by the station. After rowing for 100 yards, the umpire's eight fouled Mr. Joyce slightly, and both were ordered back to the bridge. At the second start, Mr. Innes was off the quickest, and had rowed himself clear at the Soap Works, both rowing wide of each other. Mr. Innes increased his lead as they neared Craven Point, and led by several lengths, and finally won as he chose. The race was umpired by Mr. H. H. Playford, in a club eight.

JUMPING.—On Saturday, August 16, a match came off between John Bond, of Gorton, and Ralph Artingstall, of Crowthorne, to jump at stand, ten hops and a jump, for £25 a side. At six o'clock the men appeared on the course, and having tossed for choice of ground, it fell to Artingstall to jump first, which he did; then Bond came and jumped, and cleared Artingstall's jump by one yard. Artingstall then made three more attempts, in which he failed to reach his opponent. Bond was therefore declared the winner by about two feet. The betting was 25 to 20 on Bond, and a good sum changed hands.

LOST THE BET.—A stout, red-faced Englishman, in a white beaver, blue coat, and buff vest, offered to wager a ten pound note that he would close his eyes, and simply by taste, name any kind of liquor in the house. The bet was taken, and the process of winning or losing commenced forthwith. "This is genuine port," said the fat gentleman, tasting from a wine-glass. "And this—this is whiskey," and so through the hotel's manifest. A wag then poured a few drops of pure water into the glass, and handed it to the connoisseur. "This is—ah—ah—this is (tasting it)—by Jupiter! gentlemen, I lose the bet. I never tasted this liquor before."

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J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	J. QUEEN,
E. W. PRESCOTT.	F. WILMARTH,
J. L. GILBERT,	R. FREDERICKS,
J. P. ENDRES,	J. J. HILLIARD,
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DAN M. HOLT,	RICHARD ARNOLD,	
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☞ A deposit required on all work ordered.
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THEATRICAL MANAGERS.—JOHN T. POWER, the celebrated Irish Comedian and Vocalist, son of the late Tyrone Power, is now on his way from Australia. Managers wishing to engage the above Artist for nights, commencing on or about August 1, will apply to JAMES CONNER, Theatrical Agent, 614½ Broadway. 15tf

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
The ladies and gentlemen of the company will please take notice that this theatre will open on the 8th of September, and be in readiness for rehearsal on the 5th of said month.
JOHN A. ELLSLER, Manager and Proprietor.
WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—A young and attractive lady for chambermaids—must sing. Also, a 1st walking lady, heavy man, 1st walking gent, 2d old man, and prompter.
Stars liberally treated with. 20-3t

BUTLER'S MELODEON,
421 CALLOWHILL STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
Will open on or about the 1st of Sept.
Ethiopian performers, Dancesses, Vocalists, Comedians, Comic Singers, Gymnasts, Ladies of the Ballet, &c., &c., wishing engagements, will apply immediately to WILLIAM BUTLER,
1t Melodeon, 421 Callowhill st., Philad'a.

ON THE MOVE—HOMEWARD BOUND.
FOX'S
RAVEL TROUPE,
Whose great success at the Boston Museum for the past four weeks, and for one week at the Howard Athenæum, surpassed that of any Artists ever known in Boston during the Summer Season, are now on their way back to New York, and will perform as follows:—
SPRINGFELD, Sept. 10th and 11th.
HARTFORD, Sept. 12th and 13th.
NEW HAVEN, Sept. 15th and 16th.
The Troupe comprise the following first class Artists:
ANNETTA GALLETTI,
A. M. HERNANDEZ,

MLLE MARIA ZOE,	MONS VELARDE,
MONS A. GROSSI,	MONS LEHMAN.
MONS F. SEGRIST,	MONS A. SEGRIST,
MR. B. YATES,	MONS P. RAVEL,
MR. JAMES PILGRIM,	MONS P. BERGER,
MR. W. DULANY,	MONS DEVERNI.

M. JACKSON HAINES.
GRAND CORPS DE BALLET.
The celebrated
RAVEL PANTOMIMES.
NEW AND SPLENDID ATTRACTIONS
OF
EXTRAORDINARY BRILLIANCY
BY THE
COMBINATION OF STARS,
Who are acknowledged to be the
VERY BEST ARTISTS OF THE AGE.
19tf JAMES PILGRIM, Business Manager.

VARIETIES THEATRE,
LATE ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE,
After a most successful season of eight and a half months, is now open with the following Company:

MISS LOUISA WELLS,	MISS LIZZY WALBY,	
MISS M. DREW,	MISS LIDA HIBBARD,	
MISS C. MORLEY,	MISS ROSE DE LUCE,	
MISS FANNY THOMPSON,	MISS MINNIE LANIER,	
EDWARD BERRY,	E. N. SLOCUM,	J. BARNEY,
TOM CONY,	J. CONKLIN,	GEO. KERMINE,
WM. R. DERR,	P. CONKLIN,	J. JEROME.

A LARGE BALLET TROUPE.
Ballet Master.....SIGNOR C. CONSTANTINE,
Leader of Orchestra.....MARTIN FREBERTHYSER.
Scenic Artist.....THOS. NOXON.
GEO. J. DEAGLE, Lessee.
EDWARD BERRY, Stage Manager.
These, with many minor members constitute
A MONSTER COMPANY,
Who are nightly drawing crowded houses to witness their
CHASTE AND BRILLIANT PERFORMANCES.
THE VARIETIES
IS THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST, BEST APPOINTED,
AND MOST COMFOTABLE
MUSIC HALL IN THE COUNTRY.
Parties of acknowledged excellence desiring engagements, may Address GEO. J. DEAGLE, Varieties Theatre,
22 tf St. Louis, Missouri.

AMERICAN THEATRE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
W. H. LEIGHTON.....Sole Lessee and Manager.
SHERIDAN CORBYN,.....Acting Manager.
The public are respectfully informed that this beautiful Theahas been opened with the
GREATEST COMBINATION OF
OPERATIC AND DRAMATIC TALENT
Ever concentrated in any Theatre in this State, including

MRS. W. H. LEIGHTON,	MISS LIZZIE PARKER,	
Mrs. J. B. Saunders,	M'me Schwazule,	
Miss Mowbray,	Mrs. Burrill,	
Miss J. Land,	Mrs. G. E. Locke,	
Mr. A. R. Phelps,	Frank Mayo,	
John Wood,	S. W. Leach,	
D. C. Anderson,	E. N. Thayer,	
G. E. Locke,	C. L. Graves,	

W. Schraubstadter, Sig. Roncoresi.
and a POWERFUL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.
Artists visiting California should visit this magnificent Dramatic Temple before engaging elsewhere, as it is by far the largest and most commodious Theatre. The Management of this House have also the control of the principal Theatres in Stockton and Sacramento. 52-tf

GAYETY MUSIC HALL,
HARRISBURG, PA.
BOB EDWARDS.....Sole Lessee and Manager.
Admission.....20 cents.
GREAT NOVELTY CONCERT, BALLET,
AND
ETHIOPIAN MINSTREL TROUPE.
23 STAR PERFORMERS.
MISS LIZZIE FRANCIS, late of the Cubas Ballet Troupe.
MISS KATE ARCHER, late of the Ravel Troupe.
MISS MOLLIE FIELDING, Vocalist and Danseuse.
MISS JULIA EDWARDS, Comic Songstress.
DICK BERTHELON, Champion Bone Soloist.
DAN HOWARD, Banjoist.
JAKE BUDD, Comedian and Tamborinist.
BOB EDWARDS, general Comedian and Dancer.
MAST. PERRY EDWARDS, Violinist and Vocalist.
EDWIN HYDE, the Comic Dramatic Singer; and
WEBER'S CELEBRATED ORCHESTRA,
W. WEBER, Leader.
BOB EDWARDS, Sole Lessee and Manager.
N. B. None but first class Artists need apply. 22-1t*

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
Montgomery street, between Washington and Jackson streets,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
THOMAS MAGUIRE, and JOHN. TORRENCE, } Proprietors and Managers.
J. B. BOOTH, Stage Manager.
J. L. SCHMIDT, Musical Director.
THE STAR COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.
PECES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle	$1	Orchestra Seats	$1
Parquet	50 cts	Second Circle	25 cts
Private Boxes	$5 and $10.		

Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Seats secured three days in advance.
N. B. Stars visiting California should remember that Mr. Maguire is also proprietor of the Varieties and Hayes' Park, San Francisco; the Metropolitan Theatre, Sacramento; and Theatres in Marysville and Stockton. 10-tf

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.
This truly elegant and very beautiful theatre is kept open during the whole of the year.
AMERICAN STARS,
of acknowledged position and talent negotiated with, for long or short engagements, as mutual interests may require.
Address, ALEX. HENDERSON,
45tf Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

CANTERBURY HALL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
THE MODEL CONCERT HALL OF THE WORLD.
The Company now engaged at this popular place is
ONE OF THE BEST IN AMERICA.
☞ Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged ability wishing engagements will address
GEO. PERCIVAL & Co.,
Washington, D. C.
LIBERTY HALL, Alexandria, Va.,
Under the same Management.
All business letters for both places must be directed to Washington, D. C. 20-3t

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, for the Fall and Winter Season, an Old Man, a Heavy Man, and a Juvenile Man. None but those of acknowledged ability need apply. State lowest terms. Address D. HANCHETT, Theatre,
20-4t Cobourg, C. W.

THEATRICAL MANAGERS.—SAM CANTY, Esq., the well known author of several of our most popular dramas, having just completed the patriotic sketch entitled, "The Traitor's Dream; or, The Reunion of the North and South," consisting of a series of Scenes and Tableaux, with 1000 Lithographs representing the different Tableaux, is now prepared, with his entire Troupe, to take engagemcnts for six or twelve nights. Managers wishing to engage the CANTY TROUPE, can do so by applying to JAS. CONNER, Theatrical Agent, 614½ Broadway. 15-tf

CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL AGENCY.—SHERIDAN CORBYN would respectfully inform members of the dramatic, Musical, or Equestrian professions, that he has established an Agency in San Francisco, and is prepared to negotiate engagements and transact all other business pertaining to the profession. Address SHERIDAN CORBYN, San Francisco, Cal.
N. B.—All letters requiring answers must contain a stamp to pre-pay the same. 46-6m

BALTIMORE MELODEON.—First class Performers of all kinds can secure good engagements, by applying to
ALBERT LEA, Manager and Proprietor Melodeon,
Baltimore.
N. B. I will pay more salary to good Performers than any other Concert Saloon in America. 21-tf

NEGRO PERFORMERS WANTED.—Three or four good negro comedians wanted immediately.
Apply to R. W. BUTLER,
1t American Music Hall, 444 Broadway.

TO MANAGERS.—MISS ANNA BORDWELL, Vocalist, and Mr. W. BORDWELL, Comic Vocalist and Negro Comedian, are at present in this City, disengaged. Managers requiring their services, will please address CLIPPER Office. 22-1t*

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Manager.....J. W. LINGARD.
The Management takes pleasure in announcing to the Public that
THE GREAT ARTIST,
MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN,
Will make her re-entre on
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th,
In a new SENSATION SPECIALITY, written expressly for her, entitled the
WARRIOR SHEPHERD!
A Grand Historical Drama, in 3 Acts. 22-1t

CHRISTY'S NEW OPERA HOUSE,
COR. COURT AND REMSEN STREETS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
OPEN EVERY EVENING.
The world-renowned and only
CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,
Under the direction and sole management of
W. A. CHRISTY,
Son and successor to the late
EDWIN P. CHRISTY,
THE PIONEER OF NEGRO MINSTRELSY.
THE MONITORS OF MINSTRELSY:
Christy, Herman, Gray, Raynor, Hunnyman, Wilson, Eastmead, Campbell, Schraus, Briesberg, Wood, Waddleton, Oldfield, Converse, Master Eddie, Little Bobby, and the nondescript wonder, Japanese Tommy.
This Troupe is now permanently established in Brooklyn, and performing to LARGE AND FASHIONABLE AUDIENCES.
Doors open at 7.
Commence at 8 o'clock.
Admission 25 cents. Private Boxes $3.
22-1t* M. E. CAMPBELL,
Business Agent.

MAGICIANS AND SHOWMEN,
THEATRICAL, MUSIC HALL PROPRIETORS,
AND PROFESSIONALS,
Will note this fact; that a rare opportunity now offers to those who desire to engage in the most deceptive, intricate, original, and attractive tricks in the Art of Magic, in all its varied phases, a profession in which Hermann has acquired a fortune, while Anderson, Jacobs, Blitz, Heller, and a host of others have all gained wealth and fame.
The undersigned, having obtained possession of
THE GREAT SECOND SIGHT GENIUS,
ROBERT HELLER'S,
ENTIRE CABINET OF WONDERS,
Which is capable in any hands of performing an endless number of new Tricks and Delusions—yet not being Professionals, will dispose of the same at less than one third of its original cost, to any person or persons who desire to enter the profitable profession of a Magician.
The extent of the Cabinet may be imagined when we state that it fills SEVENTY CASES, all elaborate in design and finish, and could not contain a fair description of it, but any man or company with this Apparatus would be a "SURE CARD" at any Theatre, Music Hall, or place of Amusement in the country.
Managers of such places might profitably purchase the same, and engage a person with it, or perform themselves.
A full description sent, together with the moderate price required, by addressing D. BIDWELL, New Orleans,
22-2t* Or J. R. O'BRIEN, Washington, D. C.

THE FALL AND WINTER TOUR
OF
MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,
AIDED BY HER FATHER,
MR. PETER RICHINGS,
Commenced at the
METROPOLITAN THEATRE BUFFALO,
MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 8, 1862.
During their engagement in that City, they will produce their
SCENIC, OPERATIC, AND DRAMATIC NOVELTIES,
SATANELLA,
THE SYREN,
AND
LA CIRCASSIENNE.
All letters of business to be addressed for the next four weeks to AUG. S. PENNOYER, Business Agent,
22-3t Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo.

WANTED.—A FIRST CLASS TAMBORINE END MAN—To commence Saturday, 13th. Address, stating terms,
W. A. CHRISTY,
Christy's Opera House,
Court and Remsen streets,
22-1t* Brooklyn, N. Y.

CARD TO THE PROFESSION.—This is to certify that I have this day copyrighted, in the Clerks Office of the U. S. District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, my Dramatization of Mrs. Holmes's great work, entitled "TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE." Any infringement on my rights, as are here set forth, will be immediately proceeded against.
Philadelphia, Sept. 2, 1862. "WATTIE BUSHER."

SAM SHARPLEY,
THE DISTINGUISHED ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN,
Now about closing a series of successful engagements in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, will start on a Starring Tour through all the Loyal Sates. Managers of Theatres, Minstrel Halls, and Concert Saloons, can address him during the current week at the Melodeon, Baltimore, Md. 22-1t*

THE FAMOUS COMEDIAN, Harry Hough, has opened for a short season at Oswego, with a fine dramatic company, amongst which may be found the names of Harry Clayton, J. G. Lester, and a host of others. 22-1t*

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for a theatrical wig-maker, Harry Gossin, Edward Ellis, S. H. M. Hall, Miss Anna Dillingham, Miss Ida Grey, Fred. Williams, W. C. Thompson, Memphis Theatre. Wm. M. Lannier, Prof. Wyman, J. H. Reynolds' Minstrels, C. W. Stiles, Charles Jeffrey, Billy Pierce, and Sylvester Bleeker.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Sept. 8, 1862.

Notwithstanding the war, and rumors of war, the croakings of the timid, the lies of the grumblers, the malicious assaults upon McClellan, and newspaper capture of Washington, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, we "still live," and move, and have our being. It would be supposed that, with all the adverse circumstances attending the recent movements of our army, and the attempts of traitors in our midst to create a panic, our places of amusement must suffer terribly. Yet we have the satisfaction of placing upon the record the fact that last week was really one of the most profitable experienced by managers for some time. True it is, and yet how to account for it, we are at a loss to know. The affairs of the nation never looked so gloomy as they did last week, and yet nearly all our theatres, minstrel halls, and music halls were well patronised. When, in the latter part of the week, it became known that Gen. McClellan was again placed at the head of our grand army, the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds, and the week closed with a firm reliance in the ability of the government to send the rebels back to their own treasonable capital, instead of permitting them to menace the loyal States. The slighest reference to McClellan, at our theatres, and other places of public resort, was at once caught up and applauded to the echo, and the wish expressed that the traducers of our young commander might be hung up on that "sour apple tree" alongside of Jeff. Davis. Such company might be a little rough on Jeff., but "we must be brief when traitors brave the field." To look in at several of our theatres and halls last week, one would not have supposed that a destructive civil war was raging so close at hand, and yet the horizon was dark, and clouds were lowering, but it was that dark hour that heralds in the approaching day. With McClellan at the front, we see our course clear again; confidence is restored; the people once more look forward to a successful termination of our troubles, and the gloom of the past gives place to harbingers of a bright future.

There has been no strong demonstration by Mr. Wallack or Laura Keene as yet. A little skirmishing has taken place between these two opposing forces, a sort of feeling each other's position, but no decided stand. Laura has ordered her company to meet for drill on the 10th; we expected to see a notice from Wallack convening *his* crowd for the 11th, but as he didn't show his hand, we presume that he fears Laura may be only making a feint to draw him out of his posish. These two fight shy of each other. It is said that they are both going to run on the same track, this season: on the old comedy or legitimate system. They keep the numbers and ability of their people quiet; like skillful generals, they don't blab; Laura is afraid that Wallack may entice away some of "her'n," while *he* fears that *she* may capture some of "his'n;" so all is quiet along the lines of Broadway. From a contraband who came into our camp a day or two ago, we learned that Laura expected to open on the 15th; but contrabands lie so atrociously that we can place little or no confidence in their statements. A prisoner, captured near 13th street, informs us that Wallack purposes making a forward movement sometime next week, but we believe this report is started with the object of feeling Laura's position. Should anything turn up before we go to press, our readers may rely on having the latest news, if, like the dailies, we have to manufacture a little ourselves.

Speaking of Wallack's Theatre, we might here remark that the Florences closed their disastrous summer season at this house on the 6th inst. In their closing advertisement, the young couple state that they are proud to announce their engagement as "in every way brilliantly successful," and which they "claim as the most remarkable in the annals of the American stage." Well, now, if this doesn't beat the Jews. If they are proud of an engagement by which they have lost several thousands of dollars, they are the most "remarkable couple in the annals of the American stage." Why, at times, the house was almost empty, and it was pitiful to see the company performing before such a beggarly account of empty benches. But there is no accounting for tastes. The Florences are proud of such lamentable business, and as they have had to pay the losses, no one else should complain. We only refer to the subject to make our record complete and reliable. The Florences claim their engagement as "brilliantly successful;" we say it was dismally disastrous, and we leave those who attended during their season to decide which is correct. Gen. Corcoran was present on the 4th, and the house was crowded. Gen. Meagher also drew a big house earlier in the season, and the Florence benefits were also well attended. Beyond this, "things was loose."

"Cerevisiamoptimamfontibusoptimis." They are going to do it this week at Wood's Minstrels. What it is, we dont know what it is like, we cannot tell. Everybody should go, and judge for themseves. We dropped in at Wood's pleasant and beautiful little temple on the 6th, and found a large audience present, the ladies being the marked feature of the attendance. A better company than Wood's Minstrels was never organized. It is composed of the best musical talent to be found in the profession, both in the vocal and instrumental departments. In the first part of the programme we have some very good sentimental singing, the prominent vocalists being Messrs. Abecco, Fox and Henry, each being good in his own peculiar style. Abecco gives us the dashing and spirited; Percy, the tasteful and artistic; and Henry, the sweet and plaintive ballad; and when those fine voices combine in the choruses, with the other members of the troupe, the harmony is most excellent and complete. And the instrumentalists should not be overlooked, either, for they materially assist in giving due effect to the concerted music of the entertainment. With P. B. Isaacs on the violin, Garatagua on the cornet, Haslem on the flute, and Abecco on the harp, all solo performers, our readers can have an idea of the talent in this great band. Charley Fox and Eph Horn keep the fun "between times," and fairly divide the honors with the sentimental brethren. A fresh programme is prepared for each week, introducing several new features, new ballads, and no big word at the head of this notice.

Harry Leslie, who has been rope-walking during the summer has returned to New-York, and joined Butler's forces at Broadway. Harry was making arrangements to stretch his rope across Niagara River, near the Falls, but Uncle Sam roped him in on this side of the line, and the frail bridge was not thrown across.

The Ravel party conclude their didoes at Niblo's this week. The engagement has been successful, considering the shattered condition of the troupe. The performances of the boy, "Young America," atone for some of the shortcomings of others in the party.

Here's a go. Manager Wheatley keeps his weather eye open for squalls, and trims his sails to meet the blast accordingly. It is thought that next week may see all our theatres open, with the competition must be very spirited to see which shall be stocked with the biggest lot of postage stamps. Our sensitive professional friends will bear in mind that in using the word stock, we intend no disrespect to any stick in the profession. "To be or not to be soom," as Artemus Ward says. Manager Wheatley, seeing how the game lies, swings his biggest trump, and this big card is none less than Edwin Forrest, the eminent, who succeeds the Ravels at Niblo's, where he is to open on the 15th, playing six nights each week, the two off nights being occupied by Mr. Hackett, who has kindly consented to be "dove-tailed" for the time only.

You know that Tom Thumb and Commodore Nutt have been showing off together at Barnum's Museum; and you know, also, that the best feller at doing things was to get $1000. Well, as they'd done all they knew, it was found to be impossible—as that's the word—to decide which was the best feller; so Barnum goes to work, increases the pool to $1500, and at an "enormous expense" induces the two dwarfs to keep on doing things for another week, the best feller to rake down the whole pile: for the little cusses are supposed to have scouted the idea of dividing the stakes; so they went in on another week, with double rations in advance, but $1500 at the close of the war. They walked, as they talked, and they ate and drank, ogled the girls, smoked, danced, squirmed, and did all sorts of dorseys, and at the end of the week each dwarf is supposed to have claimed the imaginary prize. Here was a dilemma—but Barnum can do things as well as any other man, and he decided that as it was impossible to tell which was the better man, he would keep the supposed pool himself, thus proving to a moral certainty that the showman himself is the best feller. The little cusses have closed their performances at the Museum, and the dramatic season commences this evening.

"All them passengers which has not yet purchased their tickets, will please step up to the captain's office, and settle their fare." Ting-a-ling-a-ling. Two complimentaries are on the schedule for to-night. Its crowding the mourners a little, but we're used to these things now, and can stand a dozen complimentaries as well as one testimonial. It would be better for us all, if we could "bunch em," and have one grand go in Central Park. What do ye say? To-night, Nixon has a complimentary at his Garden, while Mr. Fleming will accept a testimonial at the Academy. We presume the occasion will be the "happiest moment in their lives." "Tickets for this occasion only, 25 cents. Both parties announce hosts of volunteers, and if they come up to the rack, fodder or no fodder, they ought to make a decent sort of show; but theatrical volunteers are a little "fluctuating," and very apt to "evade the draft."

Bryants are meeting with their usual success, their hall being nightly crowded. The new members of the company coming into favor, while the old ones retain the good opinion of the patrons of 472 Broadway.

Fanny Forrest has been engaged by Mr. Butler, for his Music Hall, and she appears there this week.

W. B. Harrison, impromptu singer, is at Barnum's Museum. Winter Garden. We are promised something new as one of results of his visit to England.

Somebody said that Nixon had taken the Academy to play opera company, but somebody else says it isn't so, and I believe it.

Adah Isaacs Menken is still in the city. Her engagement the New Bowery commences on the 15th.

Speaking of Adah calls to mind John C. Heenan, and reminds us of a report just brought to us from London that has been united in marriage to Miss Sara Stevens, formerly this city—where she is well known as an actress,—but now in London. We are informed that the twain are really man wife. It will be recollected that while the lady was playing Laura Keene's, a year or so ago, a similar report prevailed, it was then contradicted.

Willie Barnesmore Pape, the youthful pianist, who performs the greatest works of the best masters with the utmost accuracy has returned to the city from Newport, and will appear at Academy of Music this evening, on the occasion of Mr. Fleming's benefit. This lad, who displays such marvellous musical abilities, is a native of this country, and is now but twelve years of age; and yet his performances on the piano are said to be equal to those of the best players of mature years. After remaining a short time in this city, it is his intention to make a tour of the Canadas, opening in Toronto on or about the 22d inst.

The "Warrior Shepherd" is the title of a new historical drama to be produced for the first time on the 15th inst., at the New Bowery, by Miss Adah Isaacs Menken. We are glad to find that Adah is re-arranging her *repertoire*. Don't forget that Miss Menken's engagement begins on the 15th inst.

Wallack's old theatre, we hear, is to be occupied by a German Opera Company next week, under the direction of Carl Anschutz.

The dramatic entertainments announced last week at the Athenæum, Brooklyn, resulted in a sort of fizzle—the people didn't turn in, and the actors had to turn out.

Fanny Denham, having left Pittsburgh for the purpose, appeared at our New Bowery on the 6th, in "Our Gal." Fanny is certainly one of the gals while singing "Annie Laurie" and "My Johnny was a Shoemaker." Fanny made a big hit on 6th inst.

The "Sea of Ice" is drawing excellent houses at the New Bowery, its scenic attractions being the principal cause, as the acting, together with the mediocre character of the play itself, is not praiseworthy by any means. Boniface's mannerisms as unworthy an actor possessing the talent he does, and the characters are faulty in their rendition. The "Sea of Ice" is a strong contrast to the "Peep o'Day Boys," which was really a creditable production. So long, however, as this new drama draws as good houses as it does, we presume that it will be played, as that is the principal object aimed at. On Saturday scarcely a seat could be had in the lower portion of the house. The "Sea of Ice" and a new spectacle are on this week.

The dramatic company at Barnum's Museum commence their regular season to-day (8th) with a new adaptation of the intensely ing French drama known as "Claude Marcel, or The Idiot of Tares." The original adaptation to the English stage had a run of five or six months at the Surrey, in London, where Manager Shepherd & Creswick produced it with their usual care and liberality. At Barnum's it is presented with all the facilities that establishment, guided by the artistic judgment of Mr. Taylor, who retains position as manager. The piece is full of what may properly be called "effective situations." New scenery, costumes, etc., have been prepared expressly to give it full dramatic justice. As for the dramatic company, they are unsurpassed, overlooked in the senseless verbiage of Museum puffs; and, for that very reason, we delight to honor their individual and aggregate merits. Among all those "good people," there are the handsome Jamison, the felicitous Nagle, the unctuous Hadaway, the sterling Bridgman, the aspiring Haviland, the ubiquitous Clarke, etc., as so many "agreeable samples to take," well graded in all artistic merits by such admirable ladies as Mesdames J. Prior, France, C. Alford, Jennie Walters, Douglas, Walby, etc.

W. Carter and J. C. Morrison, recently performing at Sidney Smith's Metropolitan, Buffalo, were to leave this port for Australia in the packet ship of the 5th, and we presume they are now "on the vide and hopen sea."

Manager Carr (came by the cars, we presume) was in this city lately from Buffalo, looking for recruits to join his Melodeon there, which opens for biz. on the 15th. Thomas is evidently around, calculating to make the "Buffalo gals come out (some) night."

Wallack's old stand seems to keep looking out for "John Brougham to return, but it is not a bright look out, by any prevalent means, for the place has a dusty and thirsty look about it.

As last week was the very last of the weakly administration at the Wallachian temple, Billy fairly overflowed with his peculiar kind of Florentine fun, and blazed out with a bull of the most Hibernian proportions, by announcing a "surprise" benefit to himself at least a week beforehand! This is the most surprising kind of a "surprise" we ever heard of, and it knocks all the editions of "Joe Miller" beyond the middle of next week. It has some parallel in the Yankee girl telling her Jonathan "Hasn't done, then, a kissing of me." "I ain't a kissing of yer," says he. "Well, but I know very well you're a goin tew," is the sagacious reply.

On Monday night, September 1st, the romantic drama of "Rosa Gregario, or the Corsican Vendetta," was produced at the Winter Garden for the first time this season, Miss Bateman

gain taking the leading character. It will be remembered that he created quite a sensation last fall in this same part, and we then gave a full description of the plot, &c., of the play. It has been placed on the stage most creditably, both as regard scenery and stage appointments, and the leading characters, and most of the minor parts, are rendered in the best style of the art. The scene of the duel in the second act, and the admirable manner in which their parts are performed by Messrs. Wallack and Adams, merits, as it receives, the highest commendation. We have never seen a better piece of fencing, or anything of the kind more naturally rendered, than this scene is by the above artists; it is one of the features of the play. The third act, too, affords Miss Bateman an opportunity of displaying her powers to great advantage, her fine rendering of the last scene of the act bringing down the house. The scene in the fourth act, where the wounded Albert is brought, was admirably performed by Wallack. Indeed, we do not often see him to such advantage as in this attractive and exciting drama, although at times he is a little too *nonchalant*, but it takes well. The play from the first act to the last absorbs the attention of every one, Miss Bateman's fine acting throughout eliciting the warmest applause. Nearly every character in the play is well rendered, but we especially noticed the excellence of the performances of the leading actors. Gregario was well represented by Mr. Ryer, as was his rival Spagazzi, by Mr. Hagan, although the latter made us think of one of the rebel guerillas very often. Mrs. Howard, as the Nurse, was excellent, but Mrs. Scott was not well up in her part, and Carina, in "the old hag of a housekeeper," might find a better representative than Mrs. Chanfrau, it being physically impossible, almost, for her to transform herself into anything of the hag kind. We would suggest that the serenade be left out, or placed in better hands, or voices, rather, for it was horribly discordant. The music of the orchestra was good, especially the fine solos on the violincello by the Brothers Mollenhaur. The house was well filled, despite the rain storm that prevailed. The "vast improvements" in the house, and the "immense outlay" made to refit it, was, as usual, all on the bills, but little of it being seen elsewhere. True, the old artificial flowers have been removed, and the place has been cleaned, and that is about all.

Jovial audiences continue to help Col. R. W. Butler to square the circle on triangular principles at 444 Broadway, where both residents and strangers are sure to be pleased with the nightly variety and continual excellence of the performances. This week begins with Miss Fanny Forrest proving her claim to the title of "Queen of Song." The ballet troupe is made up of capital performers in their line of biz., and Paul Brillant has a good chance to see ballets brilliantly produced. As for Tony Pastor, Charley White, and the other comical geniuses, they must be seen to have their fun understood. Good order, fresh air, and jolly times, prevail more than ever at 444.

Our neighbors in Brooklyn have their Christy Minstrels, the manager being W. A. Christy, son of the late E. P. Christy. It is intended to make the Brooklyn Christys a permanent institution. Their hall is at the corner of Court and Remsen streets, and the company is composed of W. A. Christy, Herman, Gray, Raynor, Hunnyman, Wilson, Eastmead, Campbell, Schaus, Briesberg, Wood, Waddleton, Oldfield, Converse, Master Eddie, Little Bobby, and Japanese Tommy. The party were well patronized last week.

Mr. B. R. Maginley, stage manager of the New Memphis Theatre, is in town. He is engaged in getting a company together for the fall campaign. Mr. Maginley is also the low comedian of the New Memphis.

DRAMATIC.

Since the close of Emily Thorne's engagement at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, and J. C. Morrison has gone with W. Carter to Australia, some changes have been made by Manager Sidney Smith, and the company now stands as follows:—Messrs. J. H. Rogers, J. R. Fisher, C. J. Heartwell, John Ward, M. Rainford, J. H. Pike, J. Boneaur, L. B. Rose, J. Montague, W. H. Briggs, etc., with Mesdames H. F. Nichols, S. Smith, Louise McGowan, J. H. Pike, Fillmore, Rachel Noah, Ida Wilson, etc. Manager Smith took a benefit on the 1st Sept. Pauline Cushman and Emily Thorne were among the volunteers.

From St. Louis we continue to have assurance that "our flag is still there," and "Seneca" thus writes on the 2d:—Mr. Couldock and daughter opened a two week's engagement last night at the St. Louis Theatre, to a fine house, in "The Willow Copse." It is of course unnecessary to say how unapproachably Mr. Couldock rendered the part he has made so peculiarly his own—Luke Fielding—and I can only say now, as I often have before, that in my poor judgment he has no compeer in the line of characters he adopts. He has evidently studied human nature deeply, as well as to good purpose, and in the simplest portrayals of domestic woe, he grasps our heart chords with a master hand, and plays upon them as he will......Dora Shaw played a short engagement of three nights last week, to very good houses. She closed with a benefit on the 30th Aug., as Mrs. Haller, in "The Stranger," and was very enthusiastically encored, and called before the curtain. Mr. Connor did the Stranger, with his usual attention to the wishes of the author, and the usual gratification of the audience, with whom he is a favorite.

Considering the short-sighted selfishness and impenetrable ignorance of many of the parties who undertake to conduct traveling companies, we often wonder that audiences are so lenient and patronizing, when such companies "knock" their respective towns without having been properly announced. These remarks have a special application to Canada, and the British Provinces generally. A new company has been started in Toronto, visiting Oakville and other places with tolerable success. When last at Oakville, the bill was "The Momentous Question" and "Hunting a Turtle." F. D. James is manager, and R. B. Butland stage manager. "The Charcoal Burner" and "Rough Diamond" seem to make another favorite bill. "God Save the Queen."

J. C. Kelley's Dramatic Troupe are doing fairly in Canada West, and opened at London on the 1st Sept. with Kotzebue's "Stranger," a musical interlude, and "Family Jars." W. S. Forrest is stage manager. Among the company are Messrs. H. W. Gossin, E. B. Coleman, W. H. Young, J. Collins, J. E. Wolfe, Geo. Pemberton, etc., with Mesdames E. W. Young, Emma Cushman, Annie Douglas, etc. From many signs lately under our observation, we think that our Canadian friends are generally disposed to do the handsome thing by nearly all amusement providers who may visit them—sometimes coming "like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky."

The Metropolitan, Rochester, N. Y., commences biz. for the fall season, on the 22d. Among the regulars already engaged are J. R. Fisher, J. H. Rogers, Johnny Ward, James Charles, etc., with Mesdames A. J. Perry, J. Ward, Ada Sinclair, Emma Reynolds, Rachel Noah, etc. Some more new people are anxious to win "the Rochester brand."

Manager Hough's dramatic company have been lately in Syracuse, N. Y., and open at St. Catharine's, C. W., on the 8th.

The Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, commenced the fall season on the 6th inst. The following is a complete list of the forces engaged:—George Kunkel, lessee and manager; Samuel W. Glenn, stage manager; T. L. Moxley, acting manager; C. S. Getz, scenic artist; Wm. Foster, master machinist; Prof. L. Winter, leader of orchestra; Misses Mary Ann Mitchell, Ella Jackson, Mollie Williams, Mrs. J. Dunn, Mrs. Monell, Misses F. Monell, Weinzel, Weston, Carter, J. Monell; Messrs. H. W. Gossin, J. M. Ward, James Dunn, W. H. Bokee, W. P. Sheldon, F. L. Keller, O. B. Doud, J. Goodman, W. K. Alexander, W. T. Johnson, F. Gerald, Mrs. S. W. Glenn, and the danseuse, Kate Pennoyer.

The Continental, Philadelphia, under the management of Mr. R. Randall, will be open on the 15th inst. Prof. Smith, ballet master, has secured the services of M'lles. Galetti, Helene, Augusta, and Marie; the great contralto, Mme. D'Ormy, and the resoprano, Mme. Von Berkel, have also been engaged. Extraordinary efforts are being made to give effect to the pieces to be produced here.

Miss Alice Placide closed her second week at Toronto, C. W., on the 6th. On the 29th ult., on the occasion of her benefit, she appeared as Jeannie Deans, Mrs. Mann sustaining the part of Queen Caroline.

Fox's Ravel Troupe are making an unmistakable hit wherever they appear. Last week they closed their performances at the Academy of Music, Providence, their business being immense. They could have played there for some time longer with success, but engagements already made, precluded the possibility of their staying beyond the 6th. They are at Worcester, Mass., this week, opening on the 8th. When this company was first organized, it was predicted that an early failure would be the result, but those prognostications have not held good, the troupe meeting with success from the start, and being compelled, by previous engagements, to leave some cities while their houses were large. The troupe now comprises Jas. Pilgrim, business manager; B. Yates, ballet master; D. Braham, musical director; A. M. Hernandez, Mons. E. Velarde, Mdlles. Geraldine, Marie, Zoe, Larius, Calletti, Mons. Ravel, A. Grossi, P. Berger, Braham, M. Jackson Haines, Dulaney and a full *corps de ballet*.

The Walnut, Philadelphia, did a fair business last week with Mr. and Mrs. E. Davenport, who remain there the present week. Sam. Hemple is the low comedian at the Walnut.

We hear it stated that Mr. E. A. Marshall is to have the management of the new theatre now in course of erection in Philadelphia.

The pride and pleasure we have taken in presenting whatever items we could from Colorado Territory are now blooming out fruitfully. Our correspondence from that region is becoming very interesting, and we give the following "specimen nugget" from Denver City, Colorado Territory, Aug. 16th, '62:—Dear Clipper:—I have been in this land of gold and awful prices nearly three months, and having seen all that is most worthy of note in these famed cities of the Rocky mountains, I may be able to give you some items of interest, particularly theatrical. "And what so poor a man as Hamlet may do, to express his love and friending, Heaven willing, shall not lack." I have just finished a tour through the mountains, where everything appears to be very lively. There is no doubt about this being a great gold country, requiring only the men and means to work it. There is not much aristocracy here; you will find plenty of wealthy people living in log cabins, and sleeping upon buffalo robes. After visiting Buckskin Joe, Frying-pan Gulch, Clem Creek Diggings, and several other such elegantly titled places, I came to Central City. Here I found a theatre, and, to my surprise, some old and familiar faces, among whom was Mr. Selden Irwin, whom I had seen but a few months previous doing the leading business at Wood's, Cincinnati. Mr. I. is a very promising young actor, possessing many of those qualities so necessary to succeed as a star performer. This gentleman resembles very strikingly in appearance, action, and gesture, the late lamented Harry Perry, and is destined at no very distant day to make his mark among the first in his profession. I was still more surprised to find out here our little friend Maria Rainforth—that was—now Mrs. Irwin, formerly among the favorites of the Boston Museum. I remembered this lady as a very agreeable juvenile actress some five years ago, but time, experience, and devotion to her profession, have placed her at the head of it, and it would indeed be hard to find a leading lady in any stock company in the country to surpass her. Mr. A. L. Gooding, a very excellent light comedian, is here; also Mr. George Pardey (son of the veteran actor H. O. Pardy, of Providence, R. I., now deceased). Miss Florence Bell, a very pretty and fascinating little lady, does the singing chambermaids. Much praise is due Mr. Hunter, the gentlemanly stage director, for the excellent manner in which the pieces have been put upon the stage. Taking it for all in all, it is by far the best company I have seen in the western country. I will give you a list of their names, that you may judge for yourself. Messrs. Selden Irwin, Thos. Tyrrel, Sam Hunter, H. B. Norman, A. L. Gooding, George Pardey, Chas. Irving, Harry Collins, John H. Jack, J. C. Whytall, D. B. Alexander, Howard, and Bell. Among the ladies are Mesdames Irwin, Lynde, Florence Bell, Marietta, and Evelyn. This troupe are to divide their time between Central and Denver cities, in which places there are good theatre buildings, that hold at the prices of $800 each, and the patronage they have thus far received proves beyond a doubt that first class talent will be supported here. All credit is due Mr. Harrison, the lessee, for his exertions in bringing to these western wilds so good a company. Truly yours, Lysippus.

From Washington, D. C., our correspondent "Fitz" gives us the following:—"Ford's new theatre, acknowledged to be the first class theatre of the city, is doing unquestionably an excellent business. In fact, ever since the initial night of the season, large and fashionable audiences have crowded the auditorium, evincing every mark of satisfaction with the theatre and the dramatic company now regularly engaged there. While mentioning the company, we have merely to state that a majority of them are from the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, which is sufficient endorsement that they are all entitled to a fair share of public approval, which has been generously tendered them since they have publicly appeared in Washington City. The reigning star that has been, is, and will be for a "few nights" longer, is that justly successful comedian, Mr. J. S. Clarke, the favorite of Philadelphia, and the popular New York actor. All the prominent newspapers of the "Capital City" are loud in his praise. The *Republican*, *Intelligencer*, and *Evening Star* have all devoted much space to critical remarks on his genius as an actor, and his great success in the dramatic profession. We all know how artistically he renders Asa Trenchard, Tilly Slowboy, Farmer Ashfield, and a score of other comedy parts; but we do not really appreciate how unapproachably he personates Bob Tyke, in the "School of Reform," which is certainly his greatest dramatic effort. This is Clarke's first engagement since his return from Europe. Recalled to this side of the water by the decease of an esteemed parent, whose obsequies were over ere he reached his home, Mr. Clarke was advised not to immediately return to Europe, and consequently, Manager Ford, always on the *qui vive* for the best native and foreign talent, offered Clarke "an opening." It was accepted, and he made his first appearance since his return in Washington City, Aug. 28, '62, at Ford's new theatre, where his engagement will continue, as we before remarked, "a few nights longer."......Washington will have a greater array of dramatic celebrities this season, and at this theatre, than has ever been seen here before. John T. Ford, the lessee and director, being also manager of the "Holliday Street Theatre," Baltimore, is enabled to arrange with all the best theatrical performers, both stock and star, that are now before the public......The Clipper circulates very generally in Washington; and, as it espouses the cause of the drama in America, all are glad of its "winning its way" as the theatrical organ of our country......Harry Ford is the treasurer of the theatre here, and as many of his Baltimore and other "acting friends" may wish to learn of his whereabouts, we append this to show his present location."

A farce company has been engaged to keep the Gabriel Ravel Troupe in countenance while at the Boston Theatre, commencing on the 15th. The ever-juvenile Tom Placide and G. G. (profanely called Old) Spear are among the number.

"People" say that "The Macarthy" is in course of preparation at the Boston Museum. Let the girls get out the dumb bells.

We stated last week that the "star system" was boldly avowed for the season at the Howard, Boston. Well, talk is cheap. The season commenced on the 1st, and Miss Coombs was put forward (Indian fashion) to "meet the enemy." The trick is stale, however, and business is already shaky at the Howard. We claim to be second to none in true gallantry, and yet we also claim the right of pointing out the fact that pretty women and famous names will not make the Howard what it has been and ought to be—aye, and might be. Biz. this week begins with "The Wife's Secret," and the afterpiece of "Buried Alive," in which Wm. Scallan makes his first appearance there as Bowhill.

This week's biz. at the Boston Museum begins with Stirling Coyne's "Black Sheep" and "Dunducketty's Picnic." In the former, Kate Reignolds has the character of Ethel Maynard, while W. Warren, E. F. Keach, J. A. Smith, and L. J. Mestayer, are on the masculine list, with F. Hardenburgh for Jacob Mortmain, the "black sheep" lawyer himself. No new appearances this week; but, the absence of Walter Benn's name from the casts begins to look like a disappearance. William Warren as Peter Dunducketty needs no comment from us; in fact, we can hardly think of it without giving our pen St. Vitus's dance, or risking the "mutability of human affairs" in our printing office.

Professionals are undecided in regard to affairs in the Western country. The Cincinnati scare has made people cautious, and they don't like to venture on any debatable ground.

The company now at Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C., is composed of the following performers: Ben Rogers, Charles Barron, D. Setchell, T. H. Knight, Harry Clifford, N. H. Bokee, H. Wall; Bokee, Farr, Kelley, etc., with Misses Kate Denin, G. C. Germon, Isabella Freeman, Jane De Lacey, Sophy Gimber; Mrs. H. Williams, Mrs. Betty Lee, E. Jones, etc.; A. W. Fenno. stage manager; Shirley France, prompter. John Owens is the star.

Professionals who happen to be snuff-takers will regret to learn the death of Mrs. Grace Dunlap, who made a fortune as tobacconist in Theatre Alley, Boston. Her little shop was much frequented by all classes, her memory, fine taste, and good judgment in theatrical matters, rendering her conversation very desirable. She died on the 4th, in her seventy-fourth year, leaving a large property. When she removed from Theatre Alley to Province street a few years since, many persons thought that she would retire and "go into society," as it is called; but the old lady knew very well that there could be no better "society" than that every day around her cosy little parlor and theatrical pictures.

Garry Hough gives Oswego the benefit of a short season, commencing this week. Harry Clayton and J. G. Lester are his right and left bowers, in addition to the other trumps of the company. See advertisement.

Mr. and Miss Richings are at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, this week. The success Miss Caroline Richings and her father met with during their long engagement at Niblo's, in this city, proves that they are artists of real merit. While here, they produced several operatic spectacles in great splendor, and the same novelties will be brought out during their Buffalo engagement, and at all those theatres for which they have been secured. The New-York critics were very free in their praise of Miss Richings' singing, and certainly it was all well deserved. Let our Buffalo friends give us *their* opinion of the lady's abilities.

Mr. and Mrs. Florence commence an engagement at Grover's theatre, Washington, D. C., on the 15th inst.

All amusements have been squelched in Cincinnati, by order of the marshal, the threatened first appearance of the rebels in that city making it necessary to confine all business operations to a proper defence of the city. R. Jones had just completed his company for Pike's Opera House, and the troupe were to have "massed" there last week; but, hesto presto, the rebels, whether real or imaginary, upset all theatrical calculations, and the people remain in *statu quo*. Mr. R. E. J. Miles was to have commenced a series of equestrian dramas at Wood's on the 8th, but on his arrival there he found theatres, hotels, stores, and all places, closed, "and all for martial glory." Everybody was turned into soldiers or laborers on trenches back of Covington. Squads were marching the streets in all directions, arresting all stragglers. A correspondent writes us that a squad had just turned up a dry goods box in front of his window, disclosing four Teutonics under it. High old times in the Queen City.

Mr. Proctor has closed his engagement at the Adelphi, Troy, N. Y. He was to leave on the 8th to fulfil engagements elsewhere. Miss E. Phillips remains at the Adelphi; also, Mr. Nickenson. Miss Bella Nickenson, we are informed, has seceded from the stage entirely. Miss Thompson arrived at Troy on the 2d, and Mrs. Frank Drew left about the same time for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway commence an engagement at the Troy Adelphi, on the 8th, where they are to bring out "Peep o' Day."

McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, which re-opened some three weeks since, much improved in all respects, having been painted and decorated entirely in a different style, is doing well. The "Seven Sisters" has been on the boards for a couple of weeks, and draws full houses. A correspondent says that the "local hits" are rather too severe and pointed, and will keep a good many away, for all do not agree with the manager, Mr. McVicker, in political sentiment. Instead of a farce, the evening closes with the splendid scene of "The Birth of the Butterfly." Miss Jennie Hosmer, is Captain of the Zouaves.

MUSIC HALLS.

St. Louis seems as gay as usual, judging by our correspondent, "Seneca's," letter of the 2d:—"The Varieties was opened last night, after being closed only five nights, to an immense house, and the performance passed off with the *eclat* due to the occasion. The main feature of the evening was the hippodramatic play, "Buck Bison," in which Miss Louisa Wells made her first appearance, and met with a very excellent reception. The piece was put upon the stage with all the care and attention to details usual at the Varieties, while the scenery, from the brush of Tom Noxon, was, as usual, a strong feature. The trained horse, Don Juan, made the "runs" in the most dashing style, under the guidance of his fearless rider, Miss Wells. The opening was a success, an ovation fully due to the untiring efforts of Deagle to please the public. The ballet, increased in number, under the direction of Sig. Constantine, is a deservedly leading feature. Where all are good, it is impossible to speak specially of each one's merits, so I say collectively, they are one of the best compaies in the country. The members are as follows:—Miss Louisa Wells, Miss M. Drew, Miss C. Morley, Fanny Thompson, Lizzie Walby, Lida Hibbard, Rose De Luce, Minnie Lannier, Messrs. Edward Berry, T. Cony, Wm. R. Derr, W. M. Reeve, E. W. Slocum, J. Conklin, P. Conklin, J. Barney, Geo. Kermine, J. Jerome; ballet master, Sig. C. Constantine; leader of orchestra, Martin Freberthyser; scenic artist, T. Noxon; manager, Geo. J. Deagle; stage manager, Edward Berry......The Melodeon still flourishes, with Kate Taylor, La Belle Velarde, Little Flora, and Little Mary, as the principal attractions. Little Flora, the daughter of Sallie Thayer (Mrs. Cony), is a perfect prodigy of talent in singing and dancing. When I say a child of six years of age can do the whole, and correctly, too, of the song of "Mrs. Watkins' Evening party," it is enough to show she is possessed of uncommon talent. Gus Peters still manages the ballet, and W. D. Storey the stage......Bowery Theatre, as Esher calls it, has a strong company, comprising, as the leading ones, Nick Foster, Frank Sprung, Ed. Orpen, Charley Lewis, Sallie Mason, Julia Clifford, M'lle Leonora, and Nellie Clifford. Clara Butler is engaged, to appear shortly. Biz. very considerably "above par."......Motions are being made for the winter meetings of our monster Philharmonic Society; and in spite of war, conscription, dull times, and all, our people seem determined to be merry, patronizing amusements freely as ever.

Certain circumstances have lately combined to make Buffalo one of the most "high-horse" places this side of "Johnny Gilpin's Ride to Brentford" (not Brantford, C. W.) Manager Carr, observing those signs of the times, intends to open his Melodeon on the 15th, with an attractive company, such as must please the Buffalonians, whatever may be the state of "forwarding." Let the flour trade flourish, and all the cars run prosperously. A special edict.

Harrisburg does rejoice, as we expected, with the prospect now presented by Bob Edwards at his Gayety Music Hall there. His advertisements in our columns may give the general reader some idea of the array of talent Robert has continued to collect at his establishment in Walnut street, Harrisburg. J. H. Donnell leads the orchestra. On the stage are Edwin Hyde, Kate and Lizzie Francis, Tom Murray, Kate Archer, Jake Budd, Mollie Fielding, Master Edwards, Dan Howard, Julia Edwards, T. H. Hollis, Dick Berthelon, etc., throwing in Bob himself, who is a whole team when he gets going, while Prof. Vanzant plays the piano and the public pay the trifle required for admission.

Butler's Melodeon, Philadelphia, re-opened on the 6th inst., with a large company. W. Butler is announced as the sole lessee and manager.

The Continental, Philadelphia, closed as a music hall on the 6th inst.

Millie Fowler sailed for Europe on the 30th ult., thereby putting an end to her Washington and other engagements.

Charlie Cannon, the winner of the silver cup at Dobson's recent benefit in Philadelphia, is residing in that city, and intends entering the minstrel profession.

The last was a gay week at Uncle Ben Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh. The place had quite a dramatic air with Fanny Denham as Milly, in "The Maid with the Milking Pail," and W. A. Rouse as Diccon the comical. These two artists gave great satisfaction, especially when on subsequently appearing as Fanny Curry and Dabster in the afterpiece of "The Eton Boy." Perhaps we might say that it was a "rousing" week. Tommy Jefferson also made his first appearance there, and was cordially received in Ethiopian and banjo biz. Mr. and Mrs. Dick Watkins (Addie Johnson,) F. F. Mackay, H. Williams, etc., remain with the company.

They have a concert saloon, on the New York plan, in Rio Janeiro; but they have not yet introduced the "pretty waiter girl" system.

The Canterbury, in Washington, is doing a snug business. Marietta Ravel and Jennie Allen are the principal dancers; and the following-named artistes are also performing there:—Misses Clara Butler, Amelia Wells, Kate Harris, Tilly Forbes; Bob Hart, Lew Simmons, Willis Armstrong, Bob Butler, etc.

Miss Ada Laurent, danseuse, opened at Blake & Hayes' Opera House, Toledo, Ohio, on the 2d inst. She seems to have met with much favor, the Toledo blades being sharp enough to cut the saloons to see the graceful Ada dance. This week she dances the Volunteer Rifle Dance, which she danced in Detroit every night for two weeks. In this dance she introduces the Enfield Rifle practice.

The "Young American Jig Dancer," Johnny Spencer, was engaged to appear at the Bowery, St. Louis, last week.

"Grand Sacred Concerts" are the feature at the Melodeon, St. Louis, on Sunday evenings.

CIRCUSES.

Spalding & Rogers' Ocean Circus is meeting with great success in South America. We have already made mention of the favorable reception of the company in Pernambuco, and now we hear equally favorable intelligence of their appearance and reception in Rio Janero. The rainy season commenced at Pernambuco while the concern was in the midst of its triumphs, and "sail ho!" was made for Rio. Letters of introduction to the most noted officials and others in Rio were given to the manager. The advance agent preceded the company, the latter going in their brig, while the former proceeded by steamer, and when the company reached the port, there was a perfect *furore* to witness the landing of the horses. Black Bess fell overboard, but was rescued without injury. Permission was obtained to erect the canvas in the Great Square, or Campo Santa Anna, with the Senate House, National Museum, and Opera House surrounding. In addition to the already excellent fit out of the concern, the manager expended about $2000 in fitting up the four entrances, offices, and Emperor's reception room. The letter before us is dated Rio, July 15, and up to that time the company had performed nine days to crowded houses, the prices of admission being for boxes holding six, nine dollars; parquet, $1 50; gallery, 75 cents. The boxes had been filled nightly with the nobility. The previous two weeks had been a gay season for the American residents in Rio. In the first place, a few days before the circus opened, the American Ferry Company commenced running their three new steamers, and a great holiday was made of it; next the American Circus opened, keeping up the excitement; and then the magnificent American steamer Constitution appeared in the harbor, completely casting in the shade all English, French, and other steamers ever seen there. From four to five thousand persons visited her daily. She left on the 14th July for California. She made the run from New York to Rio in seventeen days, which is said to be the quickest passage on record. Rio is making great headway in improvements. It is not many years since they were without vehicles, etc. Now they have hacks, carriages, tilburys, carts, wagons, gas, finely paved streets, an opera house, four theatres, a wooden circus building, etc. Our circus friends are well liked in their performances: our little friend, Kate Ormond, receives a full share of applause, and Duverny is likewise a favorite. Ferdinand Tournaire was riding splendidly, and Little Charley Fish was doing bare-back business very cleverly. The horse Hiram had created quite a sensation by his performances. Altogether, the concern was a great success, and we hope good fortune may attend it throughout.

Goodwin & Wilder's Circus Company, including Mrs. Dan Rice's Great Show, are to visit Quebec on the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th Sept. They have contrived to do a good biz. in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and are now working their way by a somewhat novel route through Canada East. After showing in Quebec, "homeward" is the watchword, by way of Montreal and the towns on Lake Ontario, where we hope they may not meet with a financial interpretation of the last line in the following "Owed to Lake Ontary:"

"Green ar' thy waters, green as bottle-glass—
Behold 'em stretcht thar!
Fine muskalonges and Oswego bass
Is oft'n katched thar.
Thar the red Injin once took his delights,
Fishet, fit, and bled;
Now most of the inhabitants is whites,
And nary red!"

Manager Lent is doing the preliminary biz. for his Hip-Over-Thomas through the principal towns in Canada East, and intends to show the real critter (neither borrowed nor lent) in Quebec, on the two last days in September, and the two first days in October. Manager Lent is allowed to be the actual owner of a "hippo," and yet he "shows" no sign of melancholy.

Bartholomew's Circus Company made a triumphal entry into Stockton, Cal., on the 1st Aug., and seemed likely to stay triumphant.

There is some talk of a new style of California critter, which can be "depended on" as a successsful rival to the live and swimming hippopotamus.

We have dates from Callao, in Peru, S. A., (by way of Panama,) as late as the 12th Aug., from which we obtain some interesting advices as to the movements of the Aymar Family, George Constable, Dr. C. H. Bassett, etc., in connection with the whereabouts of the old U. S. Circus. It appears that since the concern changed hands, about five months ago, from Dr. Bassett to Walter and Wm. T. Aymar, the treasury has had very uncertain levels and prospects. Sometimes it seemed a menagerie elephant to a toy horse that there was no use in trying to "get along so." This made eight months of "bad times" in Peru, and consequently, about the middle of August, the company was to be divided into two parties. The old party (so called) was to have the two Aymars, Mrs. Maggie Aymar, Little Lottie Aymar, and the other children. Miss Batchelor, of California, (one of the company,) having married Wm. T. Aymar just previously to her death (by consumption,) he found the money she left him very useful in "running the show." So bad had affairs become that one of the most valuable horses had to be sold, and one of our correspondents makes the following commentary—"We have been here long enough to sell a horse, and if we stay here much longer, we shall not have a horse to sell." To proceed. The other party is composed of Wm. Painter, John Rees, Ed. Rowle (the French performer,) Alexander Montarg (the Living Skeleton,) and Geo. Constable (one of the old bosses.) The last party has employed Dr. Bassett in his old biz. as agent, and would proceed to Guayaquil, and thence to New Granada, so as not to interfere with the Aymar party. By-the-way, the Martinetti Troupe declared their independence about the Fourth of July, and left Callao for Chili. The steamer they went in struck on a rock, and became a total wreck, but the Martinettis managed to save themselves and traps. Altogether, we may come to the conclusion that Callao must have a callous population for circus affairs, and that gold and silver are not easily picked up in Peru.

Lee Powell, of Thayer, Noyes & Co.'s Circus, was lately in Pittsburgh, and reports the biz. thus far met with, as tip top. So much for their noise.

William Armstrong, one of New-York's circus boys, is now in Dantzic, Germany, having left Russia. We understand that Billy is about to marry a lady of that country. He is with Carrier's Circus. Bernal Runnels is with the same company.

R. Sands' Grand Multiseral Combination Circus and Homohippodeal Amphitheatre, shone forth in New Haven, Conn., Sept. 12th, for one day only.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

The Duprez & Green party are preparing for another of their triumphal tours, to start from Providence, R. I., about the 20th. In our next we may probably give a list of the new company.

The Hopper Brothers are forming a new party for minstrelsy, which may somewhat temporarily weaken Yankee Miller's Parlor Drama Company, at present in Michigan. A. O. Miller is first violinist, Lew Hopper holds the banjo, and Louis Heck "dem bones." Four others, suitable for minstrelsy, are nearly engaged. Con Packard is likely to be the new agent. The party soon make a hop, skip, and jump.

Johnny Booker's Minstrels open at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 15th, and will stay the week out, on account of the State Fair. They have been doing very well in Wheeling, Va., and recently gave a benefit there to the "Soldiers' Aid Fund," which yielded $160 clear of all expenses. John E. Hartel is the leader, and he is arranging a new company for a winter campaign through the Western States. Sam Pond, who has already been six years with Johnny Booker's party, is to go with the new concern, and a brass band is to do the ditto. Mrs. Hartel has some little folks in training for the biz., and Johnny Booker continues to talk like a book. He has with him Messrs. Glendinning, Moran, Billy Vaughn, O'Neal, James Owesny, Master J. Beck, etc.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels seem to keep on "taking the odd trick," so long as there is "anything left over in Boston." They give such plentiful programmes that we almost despair of noticing all the tempting items; but, this week, they give old Josiah Perham a hard knock, with "Perham's Excursion to the Clam Bake, or the Railroad Smash Up." Of course this is a smasher, like "The Prize Fighters," "The Returned Volunteers," etc., and everybody that is anybody must go and see how Perham perambulates. Our Boston readers will please take notice that the hour of commencement is now changed to suit the season.

Sam Sharpley, one of the most witty men in the minstrel business, is about closing his season of engagements in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and will soon be at liberty to accept starring engagements in all the loyal States. See advertisement.

Buckley's Serenaders had a good house at Troy, N. Y., on the 5th, where they also appeared on the 6th. They leave this week for the west.

Professor John H. Anderson has turned up in Canada. and threatens again to return to Europe.

Gen. Tom Thumb and Com. Nutt are in Boston this week, but we have not heard whether they intend to follow P. T. Barnum's example in regard to claiming "exemption papers."

AMATEUR.

"Vapid," in Philadelphia, sends a few items which may be acceptable to our Amateur friends. The old Boothenians closed on the 21st Aug., and expect to resume operations about the 1st Oct. The Wheatley D. A. have made some improvements in their hall, and propose to open on the 10th September, with "The Lady of Lyons" and "Cool as a Cucumber," although two of their best performers have "gone to the wars." The Trovatoria have also furnished many volunteers for Pennsylvania's contribution to the national defences, and this D. A. has not yet appointed a day for resuming public performances this season.

Going to the War.—Cortland Folwell, manager of the Avonite Club, and two other members of the association, have joined the 9th Regiment, Hawkins' Zouaves, and will leave this week for the seat of war.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Manager (W. H. Sedley) Smith now teaches fencing in addition to his usual instruction in elocution and other branches in dramatic art. "Gracious knows" it was about time we had some such publicly avowed instructor. We are tired of seeing so many (real) mock dukes as we have been compelled to see on the stage. What is a sword for? To be used—properly.

Peter Punever has returned to Denver from his trip to the Gregory Mines, and is soon to give his lecture on "King Sham" among the Southern Mines.

In this classification we may now place marriages, and report has it that Mr. Henry A. Langdon and Mrs. Annie Senter have been "clove together."

Mr. and Mrs. De Lave were advertised to perform at Cohoes, N. Y., last week. Mr. De Lave was to walk a rope 1,000 feet long, "over the awful chasm," with a woman on his back. These performances are previous to the rope-walker's "departure for South America."

The trial dance between Dick Sands and T. M. Hayes, in consequence of the challenge of the latter, (published in our last issue), is now expected to take place in Boston.

Gabriel Ravel's one-Ravel troupe will unravel their peculiarity at the Boston Theatre on the 15th Sept., and at the Philadelphia Academy of Music on the 6th Oct.

Here's a chance for those who wish to embark in the line of magic with the most complete apparatus ever invented. The extent of the cabinet may be learned when we state that the apparatus fills seventy cases; and all this will be disposed of for less than one-third its original cost. Full description, with the selling price, will be sent at once. See advertisement.

Barret's paintings of the Southern Rebellion are being exhibited this week at Lebanon, N. H., opening on the 8th at Town Hall.

John W. Whiston, the American Humorist, was at Binghamton on the 3d and 4th, at Waverly on the 5th and 6th, and commences this week at Elmira on the 8th and 9th.

The Hutchinson Family gave one of their granite-discussing entertainments at Buffalo, on the 3d, for the benefit of "the volunteers."

Paul Kane, and his talented little son, are in Baltimore.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

The new Royal Haymarket, Melbourne, Australia, built by the Hon. George Coffin, manager, member of parliament, etc., is to be opened about the middle of Sept., with Manager Simmonds for its first lessee.

J. H. Ogden, the "bashful Irish Ambassador," is now engaged to sing in the musical interlude at the Britannia Theatre, London, in addition to his engagements at the Winchester, Raglan, and other music halls. "There's another verse."

Crockett, "the Lion Conqueror," now boasts that no answers have been received to his universal challenge. Whew! Any relation to the departed Davy?

A new piece at one of the London theatres has a character named Mr. Kerr Mudgeon. What will our "Orpheus C. Kerr" say to this?

Perhaps our readers would like to know what sort of "company" our Joe Jefferson is in when cast for Salem Scudder, away off in Melbourne. From what we know of the parties, we think that Manager Simmonds has got a pretty good group to cast "The Octoroon" with, at the "Princess's, and that Joe must feel "just abeout East" while there. Miss Rosa Dunn is the Zoe, Mrs. A. Phillip the Mrs. Peyton, Mr. Heir the George Peyton, Fitzgerald the McClosky, Holt the Indian, Stewart the Pete, Lambert the Sunnyside, etc. Altogether, Joe is well taken care of, and can resume his California engagements in February, or not, according to circumstances. We shall see.

London has a Prince of Wizards just now, and his name is Robin—Monsieur Robin at that. He is very successful, and the English folks are not likely to inquire—"Who killed Cock Robin?"

Notwithstanding the great popularity of "Mazeppa" at Astley's, London, Walter Edwin and his black mare Gypsey are equally successful with the same equestrian drama at the Grecian Theatre in the same city. Let the profound philosophers account for this.

The Marsh Troupe of Juveniles have been doing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Sea of Ice," etc., with tolerable biz. at the Lyceum, Melbourne.

Our latest news from Australia comes by way of England this week, and we have dates from Melbourne as late as the 26th June. Jefferson had not left the Princess's, nor did he seem likely to leave, for his Salem Scudder and "The Octoroon" continued in great demand. This piece was announced for three nights of the following week, to alternate with "The Poor Gentleman" for the other three nights. The next week was to be occupied in a similar manner with "Nicholas Nickleby" and "The Yankee Teamster," Jefferson appearing in all the casts. As the lease of the Princess's was to expire in August, and a new theatre has been offered to him as manager, no doubt he might answer the rumors of his leaving Australia by singing—"Don't believe it, Joe."

Mrs. Jordan and Miss Sara Stevens remain with Mdme. Celeste in the cast for "The Colleen Bawn" at Drury-Lane. They will also appear in the new spectacular drama that Bourcicault intends producing on the 15th Sept.

Harry Watkins and Rose Howard continue at the Standard, London, being now re-engaged for a second month as stars, and are even more successful than when at the Lyceum a few seasons ago.

The irrepressible Joey Gougenheim was at Launceston, Tasmania, in June, and had become a favorite, being on a second engagement for four weeks.

The statement that "Mr. John T. Power" is a son of the lamented Tyrone Power, has now been contradicted by the relatives of the latter, in England. By the way, why has not John T. come to tea yet? People who come here "all the way from Australia" do not find us very green. No doubt John T. is a very nice young man for a small tea party, but Harold L. Power, in behalf of the other relatives, writes to deny "that he is in any way related to the late Irish comedian of that name." John T. seems to have "gone in" wrong way, like a subsided Tycoon.

Manager Cave, at the Marylebone, London, shows no sign of caving in. He has produced a new drama of the "Jack Sheppard" style, called "Handsome Jack, the Highwayman," and it has now been added to that branch of the classics. Our Bowery managers must turn up this Jack, and Count him soon. The afterpiece was T. D. Rice's "Life in Alabama," and Adah Cushman seems very useful generally, as well as in Zeb Duckshins. The Marylebone is not hid in a cave.

"Old Joe Morton," the well-known mountebank and conjuror, died, in his sixty-fourth year, on the 20th Aug., at Dawsbury, Yorkshire, and was buried in a cemetery there. Joe was a native of Flockton, and a collier by trade, but he "donned the motley" more than forty years ago, and was a prominent feature in public life all over the north of England. He was performing two days before he died. Our English friends, who may have seen him, will readily repeat the main line of his epitaph—"Poor Joe!"

The Italian opera season at Covent Garden closed on the 16th Aug., and that at Her Majesty's Theatre on the 30th, and the Londoners seem contented.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul are at Birmingham, doing "The Old Folks" and "Bluebeard" among their pleasing entertainments.

For continuation of Theatrical Record see page 171.

WHEN THE WAR WILL END.

When wise men rule,
And knave and fool
No more a tool
Make of the nation;
When Truth and Right
Prevail o'er Might,
And Law and Light
O'er all creation.
When men are true
In what they do;
And through and through
The dear old Union,
Wise counsels reign
And so attain
A real domain
Of kind communion.
When morning skies
Rain large supplies
Of pigeon-pies
For hungry sinners,
And poor folks no
More have to go,
In spirits low,
Without their dinners.
When sense comes back
(Unwonted track!)
To every hack,
And even Greely,
In calm repose
And Sunday clothes,
Talks through his nose
With Bennett, freely;
While everywhere,
Good people stare
At this sweet pair
Of sainted creatures,
And say, with pride,
That none beside
So much have lied
Or worn such features.
When bullies shrink
From blood and drink
And do not think
They ought to lam you well,
When patriots cease
To talk like geese,
And likewise fleece
Their Uncle Samuel.
When laws are made
By men afraid
Of being paid
To steal and swindle;
When politics
Are never tricks
And, in a fix,
All parties dwindle.
When those who bear
The sovereign care
Are not who wear
The form of zanies,
And men of war
Not stupid, nor
Discarded for
Official grannies.
When, talking done
And war begun,
We fire the gun
Our foe to scatter,
Then Fate will send
A peaceful end,
And with serene oblivion blend
This fratricidal matter.

—*Vanity Fair.*

THE ATHLETES.

A CONTEST FOR A WIFE;
OR,
THE TRAPPER'S DAUGHTER.

In a mountain valley, snugly sheltered from northern winds, stood the little cottage of Gabriel Heath. Its occupant, an old deer hunter, had been a wanderer among the Ottowas. Without society, except their occasional companionship, and wholly wedded to a wild life, yet, as age came on him, he pined to return to his kind, and wear social fetters.

Helena Heath inherited from her mother—the daughter of a Canadian hunter—both her name and the roaming spirit of her race. From the days of earliest recollection she had been at her father's side on the wild prairie, or ranging over the mountains.

The old hunter delighted in nothing more than predatory skirmishes with the Indians, who were wont to acknowledge the debt with interest. Once, with only two comrades, he was surrounded in his trapping lodge, and forced to stand a week's siege. Then the fearless conduct of his daughter, child as she was, won from him a hunter's praise and fatherly pride.

It was a singular training that she received; wandering over an uninhabited country with a rude hunter, shut out from education, and only taught to read and write by an accidental visit for a few weeks at a missionary station, without means of refinement, and having for the language of her mind only what could be learned from the voice of nature in her deepest seclusion. She loved the green woods and the mighty forests, for there her soul could live beyond the rough influence of the only life she had ever known.

Such was the character of our heroine when old Gabriel Heath exchanged his wandering life for a residence in the little cottage on the hill.

Here a few acres supplied him with many of the necessaries of life, and he had an opportunity to follow, at his pleasure, the business of his youth; and comfort seemed to circle round the cottage home, whose exterior was rendered somewhat picturesque by the natural taste of the daughter.

On fine days old Heath tilled the ground, or hunted among the neighboring hills and by the side of the streams; and in unpleasant weather he sat by the fireside, smoked his pipe, and told huge stories of old adventures.

A thriving village lay just behind the range of hills among which the cottage was nestled, though the cottagers formed but little society with its inhabitants.

Long exposure to the sun had veiled but not hidden Helena's fair complexion with a rich olive, and added to her charms. Constant exposure had given firmness and elasticity to her limbs. No wonder, then, though but seldom seen, and still more seldom addressed, she was deemed the belle of the surrounding country. Ramblers among the hills had noticed the fair cottager, and became infatuated with her beauty and *naivette* and even become suitors for her hand; but they had all been repulsed. The bold and adventurous she disliked for the coarseness which generally characterized them. Few of the different characters who constantly visited her, did she trouble herself to notice. Of this latter number the most prominent was Thomas Gifford, a young lawyer, who had opened his office in the village. Educated in an eastern university, and naturally of a retired cast of mind, Gifford had always avoided the world, and lived only with his books; consequently, but a part of his character had as yet been developed. In his eyes, the beautiful young cottager was the type of what the philosophers had long sought to find, and he determined to obtain the reality of the child freshness, while they could only conceive the ideal. He therefore resolved to amend his deficiencies in her eyes, and his sanguine nature hoped the rest.

Old Heath looked upon marriage as a necessary evil which one ought to endure some time, and he was determined that none but a man after his own heart should possess his daughter, and the qualifications necessary, in his view, were strength and agility in manly sports. He took no pains to conceal his determination, and it was surprising how suddenly such games rose in favor with the young villagers.

Time passed, and among those who had gained the applause of the old hunter, was a sturdy pioneer named Alexander Wilson, though as yet he had not shown any preference for the young forester. Time had also brought the heart of the young lawyer to the feet of the beautiful young cottage girl, while to her, his breathing of heart attachment had become an episode well cherished.

We have forgotten to mention that over the range of hills that formed the picturesque landscape about the mountain home, a noble river spread its limpid waters. Gifford had always enjoyed all the sports that can be gathered from a life of rural freedom.

Strong at the oar, unerring in the aim at target shooting, and sinewy in the leaping wager, he had become quite a favorite, as well as the envy of his cotemporaries.

In all of his manly feats, Helena Heath was the first to praise; and while her pride of his masculine acquirements was increasing, she could not but also feel admiration for his mental attainments, which, after all, found a something kindred and congenial in her own bosom.

One afternoon, as young Gifford was strolling along the shores of the stream above mentioned, he saw the favorite of old Heath, the trapper Wilson, push out in a skiff. Having frequently been brought in contact with him while pursuing their favorite feats of strength, Gifford, out of friendship, walked to the water's edge and wished him a pleasant voyage.

"It cannot but be pleasant such a day as this. Come, try a hand with us at the oar this splendid weather," returned Wilson.

The temptation was too great to be withstood, and Gifford stepped into the boat, which in a moment shot out upon the water, rising and falling with the waves, and yielding to the pressure of the oars. For a long time the skiff continued to move out upon the water. At last the breeze stiffened, and the two companions rested upon their oars, to enjoy the movement of the boat, as it tossed to and fro. The sun was sinking slowly in the west, and darting his horizontal rays across the troubled waters. At last Wilson said with a smile:

"It is now sunset and eventide. I have an engagement; let us return to land."

"Certainly," said Gifford; "especially if your rendezvous be of an interesting nature; perchance with a ladylove."

"You are good at guessing," was the reply.

"You have, then, an evening tryst?"

"Yes, with the prettiest girl in the country."

Gifford thought of his beautiful Helena, and wished that his friend possessed one as fair and true. For a few moments both were silent, and then, as they approached the land, again commenced the conversation.

"My fair one is very fair. Though I am but a pioneer, I know how to value qualifications like hers."

"Ah!" replied his companion; "you are happy then; but tell me who this fair one is."

"It is a secret; none but you have been allowed even the whispering of such a relation," said Wilson.

"A secret sweet and precious," replied Gifford, laughing.

"But I, too, have a heart idol—one who is very kind, and pure as the Virgin. Now for a mutal exchange of secrets; confess your lady-love, and you shall know my own."

"You would force a confession," remarked Wilson. "Very well; but as I have sworn not to utter her name, had I a scrap of paper I would write it, then we could exchange."

Gifford produced a blank leaf from a memorandum, drew a pencil and wrote the magic name. Wilson did likewise, and then they exchanged papers. Wilson read on his "Helena Heath," Gifford read on his "Helena Heath." Their eyes met; Wilson was embarassed, Gifford pale with agitation and anger.

"Very well," Wilson at length said; "it seems to me that our mistresses are one and the same."

"Impossible! I know Helena Heath too well," returned Gifford. "All that you have said of her is false."

Wilson had all the subdued spirit of the restless adventurer. His embarassment vanished, and he became furious. "False?" he echoed, fiercely.

"Yes; an infamous lie!" responded Gifford.

Stung to the quick, Wilson grasped an oar with both hands, and leveled a blow at his companion's head. Gifford evaded the blow, and sprang upon his enemy like a tiger. Wilson dropped the weapon, and the two were closed in a furious embrace. They struggled, rose upon their feet, and falling, were plunged head-long into the stream. The waves closed over them, and the skiff, half filled with water, slowly drifted out to sea. In a moment both rose to the surface, still clasped in fierce embrace. The shades of night were closing around them, but there was light enough for them to glance at each other, and gather fresh courage at the sight. Wilson loosed his hold of his antagonist, to level a blow at his head, but Gifford parried it and grasped him by the throat, and once more both disappeared beneath the surface of the water. Gifford's energy seemed the most powerful, and the pioneer, lashed to fury, seized the jack-knife that his right hand purloined from the pocket of his enemy, and opened it with his teeth, and plunged it into the bosom of the young lawyer, who, with a bubbling cry, released his hold.

Night set in, and the dark waves rolled heavily. As he paused to regain his strength, he saw the form of his inanimate companion tossed about on the stream. It would be impossible to portray the thoughts that rushed through his mind. Oh! how bitterly did he regret being so rash. Having recovered his strength, the young man began to make for the shore, which he gained.

Two days after the following announcement appeared in the village *Gazette*:

"A most lamentable occurrence took place on —— evening. A young law student named Gifford, well known in this vicinity, accompanied a young man named Wilson in a boat ride up the river. A sudden gust of wind upset the boat, and both were plunged into the river. Wilson made his escape by swimming, but his companion found a watery grave."

The dream of happiness of Helena Heath was now at an end. With all the poignant grief that the susceptible heart can feel, she lamented the sad fate of her lover, while she could not repress the chagrin she felt at the idea that some adventurous favorite of her father would usurp the pre-eminence that she had given him.

Nearly two years had passed, and Helena Heath still remained unmarried. Old Heath had selected young Wilson for his future son-in-law, and he sought to commend him to his daughter; but, meeting with indifference and denial, he resolved to select from the large circle of the hardy and athletic young men, the one whose feats were the greatest, and compel her to receive him as her lord.

At last the day came for the allotted trial, and to the spot marked out for the rendezvous many an eager aspirant came. Among these was a newly arrived settler, who had often made the sinewy and bold look pallid with envy at his success.

The first trial was that of leaping. One by one the competitors joined in, until a perfect Ajax in limb reached seventeen feet. This settled the question; still, notwithstanding this proof of his prowess, the old hunter seemed dissatisfied at the idea of marrying his daughter to such a stranger. He resolved to become better acquainted with his skill and strength, and suddenly turning, he said:

"Come boys, lets have a little rifle practice—two shots a piece, remember."

A painted nail was partly driven into a tree. The heroes of the other exercises made trial, but were wide from the nail's head. The stranger rubbed his hands, and, seizing the rifle, took rapid aim. The nail was driven into the tree. The unknown marksman once more fired; the nail's head was bent double. This was more than the rival, who was no other than young Wilson, could bear, and he walked off.

All congratulations were offered the lucky victor. Old Gabriel Heath placed the hand of the reluctant Helena in his; but she, still treasuring the memory of him whom she had so much admired, and who had opened her mind to the world of intellectual beauty, remonstrated against her father's choice to no purpose.

For awhile the victor visited the abode of the hunter, chatted with him, and walked with the daughter. They talked long and fervently together, and he spoke in glowing terms of his love for her. She started at this, for the image of her lost lover seemed to rise and rebuke her.

"You love another, then?" said he. Remember that I won you by my prowess."

These words, in some tones, might have made her indignant; but now they only tended to dissipate her reserve, as she replied:—

"What you have said is true. I owe the richest and deepest debt to another, who translated to me the mysterious teachings of nature. I ought to love him, and though he is forever lost to me, yet while I exist, I will live for no other but him."

While she was thus speaking, the hunter was regarding her with the same curious expression, which hardly became a rejected lover. She was turning from him, when he detained her, and said:

"This was the young lawyer, Gifford, was it not?"

"It was," she replied, looking in his face, where the smile had settled into anxiety.

"Blessings on you for that word!" he cried; "I am the long lost one—the rescued and the redeemed!"

It was indeed young Gifford, who, through an unseen and mysterious Providence, had not been drowned, but was saved from a watery grave by a fisherman, whose kind care had restored him to life and strength.

He told her how he had returned to the village just in time to hear of the wager of prowess for her hand; and, confident that he should be brought to her again, he dissembled himself, and gained the victory. It is needless to say that the joy of meeting him of whom he supposed himself the murderer, was so great, that Wilson thought but little of the refusal that he ultimately received from Helena. He could hardly believe his eyes until the generous Gifford took his hand, and faithfully promised never to reveal the circumstances of the boat ride, and forgave him for his rashness.

The two rivals were rivals no longer, and Gifford lived with the lovely daughter of Gabriel Heath during many years of happiness, and, successful in business and generous in thought, he was the pride of the village.

Age tempered the rashness of Wilson, who, after the decease of old Gabriel Heath, was the quotation of his pioneer friends. Thomas Gifford never revealed the secret till his dying day.

LAUGHABLE GHOST STORY.

During the campaign of the Duke of Wellington, which ended with the battle of Waterloo, Sir John Waters was much employed by the Duke on secret service. As a spy he was unequalled owing to his ingenious escapes and ruses. He was on one occasion entrusted with a very difficult mission by the Duke, which he undertook effectually to perform, and to return on a particular day with the information that was required. Great was the disappointment when it was ascertained beyond a doubt that just after leaving the camp he had been taken prisoner before he had time to change his uniform. Such, however, was the case; a troop of dragoons had intercepted him, and carried him off; and the commanding officer desired two soldiers to keep a strict watch over him and carry him to head-quarters. He was of course disarmed, and being placed on a horse, was, after a short time, galloped off by his guards. He slept one night under durance vile at a small inn, where he was allowed to remain in the kitchen; conversation flowed on very glibly, and as he appeared a stupid Englishman, who could not understand a word of French or of Spanish, he was allowed to listen, and thus obtained precisely the intelligence that he was in search of. The following morning, being again mounted, he overheard a conversation between his guards, who deliberately agreed to rob him, and to shoot him at a mill where they were to stop, and to report to their officer that they had been compelled to fire at him in consequence of his attempt to escape. Shortly before they arrived at the mill, for fear that they might meet with some one who would insist on having a portion of the spoil, the dragoons took from the prisoner his watch and his purse, which he surrendered with a good grace. On their arrival at the mill they dismounted, and in order to give some appearance of truth to their story, they went into the house, leaving their prisoner outside, in the hope that he would make some attempt to escape. In an instant Waters threw his cloak upon a neighboring olive bush, and mounted his cocked hat on the top. Some empty flour sacks lay upon the ground, and a horse laden with well-filled flour sacks stood at the door. Sir John contrived to enter one of the empty sacks and throw himself across the horse. When the soldiers came out of the house, they fired their carbines at the supposed prisoner, and galloped off at the utmost speed. A short time after, the miller came out and mounted his steed; the General contrived to rid himself of the encumbrance of the sack, and sat up, riding behind the man, who, suddenly turning round, saw a ghost, as he believed, for the flour that still remained in the sack had completely whitened his fellow traveller, and given him a most unearthly appearance. The frightened miller was "putrified," as Mrs. Malaprop would say, at the sight, and a push from the white spectre brought the unfortunate man to the ground, when away rode the gallant quartermaster with his sacks of flour, which at length bursting, made a ludicrous spectacle of man and horse. On reaching the English camp, where Lord Wellington was anxiously deploring his fate, a sudden shout from the soldiers made his lordship turn round, when a figure, resembling the statue in Don Juan, galloped up to him. The Duke affectionately shaking him by the hand, said—"Waters, you never yet deceived me; and though you have come in a most questionable shape, I must congratulate you and myself." When this story was told at the clubs, one of those listeners, who always want something more, called out, "Well, what did Waters say?" To which Alvanley replied—"Oh, Waters made a very flowery speech, like a well-bred man."

AN INCIDENT OF A BULL-FIGHT.—A Spanish paper gives an account of an incident which recently took place at a bull-fight at St. Giles (Gard). One of the men was struck by the bull, which knocked him down by a blow from the horn and inflicted a severe wound on his head. The animal stamped on the man, and then, taking him on his horns, threw him into the air. When the man again fell on the ground almost lifeless, the bull again began stamping on him. The spectators of the frightful scene remained motionless with horror, when M. Blancard, commissary of police, rushed into the arena, and, seizing on a spear, struck it into the animal's side. The bull made a bound and rushed on its new assailant. M. Blancard attempted to escape, but unfortunately slipped and fell. The animal rushed on him with the greatest fury, and not being able to take him on its horns, pressed his body to the ground with his head. At that moment one of the barrier-keepers, named Mestre, gave the bull another stab, which made it relax the pressure on M. Blancard, who, while the animal was raising its head, laid hold of its horns, and was so lifted up. Fortunately the animal remained motionless long enough to enable M. Blancard to escape amid the applause of the spectators. The first man wounded was carried to the hospital in a dangerous state.

LARGE ARMIES.

The following facts, culled from the fields of ancient story, may be of some interest at the present time:

The city of Thebes had a hundred gates and could send out at each gate 10,000 fighting men and 200 chariots—in all 1,000,000 men, 2,000 chariots.

The army of Trerah, King of Ethiopia consisted of 1,000,000 men and 300 chariots of war.

Seostris, King of Egypt, led against his enemies 600,000 men, 24,000 cavalry, and 27 scythe-armed chariots. 1491 B. C.

Hamilcar went from Carthage and landed near Palermo. He had a fleet of 2,000 ships and 3,000 small vessels, and a land force of 300,000 men. At the battle in which he was defeated, 150,000 were slain.

A Roman fleet, led by Regulus against Carthage, consisted of 300 vessels, with 140,000 men. The Carthagenian fleet numbered 350 vessels, with 150,000 men.

At the battle of Cannæ, there were of the Romans, including allies, 80,000 foot and 6,000 horse; of the Carthagenians, 40,000 foot and 10,000 horse. Of these, 70,000 were slain in all, and 10,000 taken prisoners—more than half slain.

Hannibal, during his campaign in Italy and Spain, plundered 400 towns, and destroyed 300,000 men.

Ninus, the Assyrian king, about 2,200 years B. C., led against the Bactrians, his army, consisting of 1,700,000 foot, 200,000 horse, and 16,000 chariots, armed with scythes.

Italy, a little before Hannibal's time, was able to send into the field nearly 1,000,000 men.

Semiramis employed about 2,000,000 men in building the mighty Babylon. She took 100,000 Indian prisoners at the Indus, and sunk 1,000 boats.

Sennacherib lost in a single night 185,000 men by the destroying angel.—2 Kings, 19, 35—37.

A short time after the taking of Babylon, the forces of Cyrus consisted of 600,000 foot, 120,000 horse, and 2,000 chariots armed with scythes.

An army of Cambyses, 50,000 strong, was buried up in the sands of Africa by a south wind.

When Xerxes arrived at Thermopylæ, his land and sea forces amounted to 2,641,610, exclusive of servants, eunuchs, women, sutlers, &c.; in all, numbering 5,283,320. So say Herodotus, Plutarch, and Isocrates.

The army of Artaxerxes, before the battle of Cunaxa, amounted to about 1,200,000.

Ten thousand horses and 100,000 foot fell on the fatal field of Issus.

When Jerusalem was taken by Titus, 1,100,000 perished in various ways.

The force of Darius at Arbela numbered more than 1,000,000. The Persians lost 90,000 men in this battle; Alexander, about 500 men. So says Diadorus. Arian says the Persians, in this battle, lost 300,000; the Greeks, 1,200.

The army of Tamerlane is said to have amounted to 1,000,000, and that of his antagonist, Bajazet, 1,400,000.

PHILOPENA.

We believe this pleasant amusement for boys and girls, and sometimes those of more mature age, originated in Germany, where it is called *vie! liebchin*, which, as it is spoken, has the sound of *philipkin*, which may have been the origin of our word, to which we have given a Latin terty or forfeiture, exacted or won by the tact or management of the winning party. With us the thing is managed, however, excessively clumsy, and quite without skill. A person and company chances to find a double-meated almond, and hands half the meat to another, and says, or rather should say, "Will you eat a philopena with me?" The other may say, "I am afraid," and refuse or accept one of the nuts, and eat it at the same time the challenging party eats the other.

Thus they separate; but when they meet again, the one that can think to say "philopena" first to the other wins the forfeit, and has a right to name what it shall be—generally, among children, some trifle; among young folks, some little present, suitable to the condition of the parties. Thus a young lady who wins a philopena of a gentleman may immediately add, "I wear No. 6 1-4 kids." If the parties meet in the street, the lady may say, "Oh, yes; I see you notice my parasol is getting old. Well, then I accept." But the gentleman should never allude to her want of an article, but exercise his judgment as to what would be acceptable. Generally, in our hot haste to win philopena, we forget propriety, and become rude in this land of thrift and hurry.

The thing is far better and more pleasantly managed in Germany, and calls into exercise some of the most useful faculties of the mind. When a couple meet after having eaten philopena together, no advantage is taken of the other until one of them pronounces the word "philopena." This is the warning that now sport is to begin. Let us suppose that a gentleman calls upon a lady; she invites him to walk in, and at the same time speaks the talismanic word. If he accepts the offer to walk in he is lost, unless she removes the ban by telling him to go away.

If she asks him to take off his hat, he must resolutely keep it on; if to be seated, he must stand; or if at the table she should hand him any article which he accepts, she wins the forfeit. At the same time he is watching to get her off her guard—for the first acceptance of any offer from the other, ends the game. Both are constantly exercising their wits to prevent being caught, and the sport often goes on all the evening.

Perhaps the gentleman brings a little present, and says:—

"Knowing that I shall lose my philopena, I have brought it along—here it is."

If she is caught off her guard by this smooth speech, she loses, for he immediately claims forfeit. If neither wins at the first meeting, the sport is continued on the second; and it may happen that half a dozen parties meet at the same time, all anxious to win of their philopena partners, so that the scene often becomes ludicrously amusing. How preferable is this German play to our own. And as the sports derived from philopena are very innocent and pretty, we commend it to the "young folks" of America.

SUT LOVEGOOD AND THE DOG.

When I wer a boy, and my legs not longer than John Westworth's, dad fotched home a durned, wuthless, mangy, flea bitten, gray, old fox houn', good for nuthing but to swaller up what orter lined the bowels ov us brats. Well, I naturally tuck a distase to him, and hed a sort of hankerin arter hurtin his feelins and discumfurtin ov him, every time Dad's back was turned. This sorter kept a big skeer allers afore his eyes, and an orful yell ready to pour out, the fust moshun he seed me make. So he larnt tu swaller things as he run, and allers kept his laigs well onder hisself, for he never knowed how soon he must want tu use em in totin his infurnal carcas beyon the reach of a flyin rock. He knowed the whiz of a rock in moshun well, and he never stopped tu see who flung it, but jist let his head fly open tu gin a howl room tu cum, an sot his laigs agwine the way his nose happened tu be pinten. He'd shy around every rock he seed in the road, for he looked upon it as a calamity tu cum arter him sum day. Georgy, that runnin am the greatest invenshun on yearth, when used keerfully. Whar'd I bin by this time ef I hadn't relyed on these ere laigs? D'ye see em? Don't they mind you of a par of cumpusses made tu divide a mile inter quarters? They'll do.

Well, one day I tuck a pig's bladder, ni on tu the size ov a duck's aig, and filled it with powder and corked it up with a piece ov spunk, rolled it up in a thin skulp of meat, and sot the spunk afire, and flung it out; he swallered it at a jerk, and sot intu gitten away for doing it. I hearn a noise like bustin sumthin and his tail lit a top ov my hat. His hed wer way down the hill, and had tuck a deth holt onter a root. His forelegs wer fifty feet up the road a makin runnin moshuns, and his hind ones a straddil ov the fence. Es tu the dog hisself, as a dog, I never seed him agin. Well, dad, durn his onsanctified soul, flung five or six hundred onder my shurt with the dried skin ov a bull's tail, and gin me the remainder the next day with a waggin whip what he borrered from a feller while he wur a waterin his hosses; the wagoner got sorry fur me, and hollered tu me tu turn my beggin and squallin inter fustrate runnin, which I emejutly did, and the last lick missed me about ten feet.

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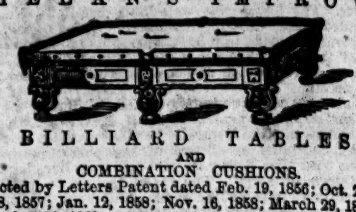
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